CONSTANTINOPLE and ITS PROBLEMS

by

HENRY OTIS DWIGHT

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CONSTANTINOPLE

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CONSTANTINOPLE and ITS PROBLEMS

ITS PEOPLES, CUSTOMS, RELIGIONS and PROGRESS

BY

HENRY OTIS DWIGHT, LL.D.

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INTRODUCTION

TRAVELLERS who visit Constantinople see it as a historical relic or an archaeological centre, or as a place for observing the dress and behaviour of various races, or merely as a place for tasting some flavour of the Orient during a brief vacation. But they seldom consider the relation of that magnificent site to the life of the people to whom it is an inheritance, and still less do they question what influence the city has upon the surrounding regions, and the development of their populations. Such matters are left to the missionary with his optimistic views on the possibility of bringing forward backward peoples with advantage to themselves and the world.

Certain peculiarities of the life of the people of the city thrust themselves upon the stranger. Looking at the throngs of men and women, in picturesque and many coloured dress, who fill the streets of Constantinople, a salient point for attention is the discomfort to which they seem to have accustomed themselves. The bedraggled and unkempt appearance of a large part of the people; the impossible pavements of the streets; the packhorses, donkeys, and perhaps even camels, which thrust the saunterer to the wall, forcing him to

stand in a strained attitude of respectful attention while each procession of burden-bearers goes by; the use of men instead of beasts and trucks and drays, that they may, as the saying is, "earn an olive or two to put in their mouths by carrying a hogshead on their backs"; and the lazy tolerance of the cringing dogs which slouch along the street or occupy for rest or for family duties the dry and sunny side of the way, all show the people of the city to be at a point of civilization a century or two behind the age. Yet Constantinople was once, and by very many of these people is supposed to be now, a very Paris in leading the civilization of the world. The missionary will enquire why such an arrest of progress has occurred.

Another curious characteristic of the people the stranger begins to learn from the moment that his foot is fairly on the shore. The frauds of greed never destroy social standing in this city. Official dignity persists though dragged through consecutive quagmires of embezzlement. The consequence is that in lay circles a man will perhaps kill one who suggests that he is ungodly, but will smile benignly when called a liar and a thief. As to the church, whomsoever a man may select on occasion to entrust with money for safe-keeping, he will never entrust money to his parish priest or his *imam* or his rabbi or his bishop.

Once more, the stranger in Constantinople learns to suppress his surprise at the fondness of the people for imitation. He finds that there is

progress in Turkey, but that much which appears to be such is mere mimicry. Imitation may be a valuable homage to superiority, but in observing this city a distinction is necessary between the imitation which marks a trend, and that which merely apes a result.

Such matters are commonplaces to the missionary in Constantinople. But the use which he makes of his observation depends upon his manner of regarding the peculiarities of the people. All will agree, that a missionary enterprise is not reasonable before God or man which aims merely to propagate a sect. For no folly of Christian bigotry so injures the interests of the race as that which undermines without knowledge the religious beliefs of others, as though the words of the Christian creed were a sort of shibboleth of salvation. The missionary who truly continues the work of Jesus Christ in this world may not live a life apart, in the study, from which he emerges to deliver a sermon and to which he then returns to prepare another. He studies the life more than the written creeds of the people. For, whether at home or abroad, men belong to one of three classes with reference to possession of their birthright of manly power. We all know these classes. In every land we see men in pagan darkness, following impulse tempered by experience as their sole guide to aspiration and conduct. Others we know who admit that Jesus Christ is the safe guide, but still follow their own whims unblush-

ingly. Another class we know who have changed, or painfully are changing, the centre of gravity of their lives from self to the self-sacrificing Christ. The missionary has to class those whom he would help to come up out of passive endurance of fate into command of the elements of power. His message to men comes from an ardent desire to influence wisely their lives, and the message is that there is no other name under heaven whereby they may be saved from themselves than that of Jesus Christ. He has to present this message as Jesus Christ presented it in the form of a scheme of life which clearly has immediate and practical value to every one.

The intimate relation which this line of study cultivates between the missionary and the people among whom he lives, is one rarely attained by other foreign residents. As a result of it, the thoughts and motives of the people furnish the colour for the missionary's views of Constantinople. Such a view of the city may easily be of general interest. It comprises a background as well as a foreground. For the background there is a beauty of site unexcelled, a political and commercial importance unrivalled, and a controlling potency of influence over a great portion of Western Asia. And still farther away in the distant horizon looms a shadowy memory of the ancient Christian Church of that place, with its vain prayers and its broken hopes that this city might be the visible centre of the power of Christ in the

world. As to the foreground of this view, we have to discover its details as we saunter through those busy streets. The endless surprises of such a quest all have bearing upon the justness of the missionary's theories of duty, test the wisdom of his methods of action, and perhaps more than all show the complicated nature of problems which are vital issues for the future of the people, to say nothing of the rest of the world now increasingly forced for its own peace to reckon up and gauge their peculiarities.

To offer a picture of life in Constantinople at all complete in detail would require a number of volumes of this size. The incidents given in the following pages, then, should not be supposed to exclude facts of contrary tendency. They are merely illustrations of some of the problems of life in the city, chosen as typical out of a mass of notes, by one who desires to be just to the good qualities of a people whom he loves, even while criticising less pleasing characteristics.

It is proper to add that the author has in a few cases quoted from descriptions in letters of his own published in the New York "Tribune" and the Chicago "Interior." Such quotations are few, but should be acknowledged.

CONSTANTINOPLE

I

THE CITY AS THE CENTRE OF A WORLD

ALL night long the steamer had been churning with rythmical blows the waters of the sea of Marmora, the most placid of inland seas. This sea is sheltered from serious turmoil of storm, by the friendly approach to each other of the two continents of Europe and Asia. The measured stroke of the propeller helps one to sleep in peace, after the first strangeness has worn off. It is like the "All's well!" of the watchman of old. If not heard there is reason for instant waking. As it pounds out its beats at half speed, there appears in the dreams a half-consciousness that it is beating time to music. Finally, a persistent monotony of musical impressions destroys the power of sleep; the senses gain control and re-establish connections between the various ganglia, and then the beating of the propeller is found to be accompanied in actual fact by a singular wailing chant. One has to go on deck to learn the meaning of the strange and mournful sound.

By the cool, limpid light of early dawn, the deck passengers, Greeks, Turks and Albanians,

have spied the landmarks of the approach to Constantinople, and have let their emotion break forth in song. West and East differ in temperament and in habits of thought and expression, and never more so than in their music. Even with words of joy the music of Turkey is always in the minor key; as though the people had not yet felt joy real and irrepressible. The minor strains of the song of the passengers clustered at the bow of the ship, might seem to imply sorrow. But to them their song is a sweet brooding of reminiscence, like "Home, Sweet Home." It is the tribute of their hearts to the greatness of the city to which they are drawing nigh.

The sun was soon to rise from behind the blue mountains of Asia, and had already kindled a rosy glow amid the haze along their crests. The glassy sea, which near at hand is blue as no other sea is blue, paled into a silver sheet where its level surface passed into the distance and reflected in strange tints the overhanging hills. Upon the sea, twenty miles away to the right, lay the rounded knolls of the Princes' Islands. Still farther to the right, and some distance behind the coast hills of Asia, was the lofty Bythinian Olympus, a white pile cold as an iceberg and pure as the Jungfrau in springtime. On the left, but close at hand, lay the bare brown hills of Europe, rising from a shore dotted with groups of houses and gardens, and churches, and white-steepled mosques.

Suddenly the sun arose. The haze of the distant hills blazed with a golden glory. Europe reddened at the greeting of the rays, while the mighty curve with which Asia swept around to meet the Western lands, was still dark under the lingering shadows of the hills. A shout went up from the motley crowd at the bulwarks of the bows. "There it is! There it is! Stamboul, Oh, Stamboul!"

Having been absorbed with the graces of sea and sky, we had not before looked straight ahead, where the bowsprit was thrust out toward the crown of all this beauty. But now, at the point where the two continents stood close together in interchange of morning greetings, we saw all imaginable splendours of form and colour poured forth to delight our eyes. The sun, slowly climbing above the screen of the Asiatic hills, without breaking upon their heavy shadows of umber and purple and green, flung masses of ruddy browns at Europe and then softened them by a delicious, rosy haze. The silent sea had its deep and its pale blues, its silver whites, and then its gleams of gold and its orange reds. And squarely in front of us, where but a thin thread of water held the continents apart, we dimly saw pompous white buildings in long array.

As the steamer advanced point by point, we could see at the right of this central group, a close packed mass of houses half hidden in foliage upon the water line of Asia. And on the left too,

of the narrow strait, stretching for miles toward us along the shores of Europe were buildings tier on tier, with domes and slender white spires tossed high upon the skyline, and gleaming and blushing at the caresses of the sun. Below this fantastic horizon, on the very edge of the sea, we could soon see the dusky towers of a massive wall; reflected in full detail, by and by, in the silver at their feet: towers which had stood a stalwart barrier for centuries against attack, before as now, they were left to be the toy of time and storm. Thus standing upon two continents and two seas, glorious in sunrise light, but illusive in the glamour of the summer haze, was first presented to our eyes the Queen City of the East.

The importance is not less than the beauty of the site of Constantinople. So narrow are the approaches to the city by land, that fifty thousand men could hold it against any army. The depth (measured not in feet but in scores of fathoms) of its land-locked water space, offers safe harbour where battle ships might moor by the hundred. The markets and bazaars of the city are a place of exchange for merchants of all nations and all tongues; for to this place the two continents have always brought "merchandise of gold and silver and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen and purple and silk and scarlet, and all manner of vessels of ivory, of most precious wood, and of brass and iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odours, and ointments, and frankincense and

wine and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts and sheep, and horses and chariots and slaves and souls of men."

Twenty-two hundred years ago Demosthenes saw the importance of this site as one which would control the destinies of all surrounding regions. He besought the Athenians to bar the ambition of Philip of Macedon by seizing Byzantium. But not until six centuries later, when Constantine made it New Rome, the Eastern Capital of the Roman Empire, did the site begin to do its proper work as the place for Europe to meet and control the hordes of Asia. Long after the dissolution of the Western Empire this peerless fortress was the bulwark of Europe against incursions from the East. During 900 years the successors of the Prophet of Mecca doggedly clung to their dream of conquering the world. And during 800 years of this time, while Europe was still too feeble to hold its own, sturdy Christian soldiers, upon these battered old walls made the city a rock upon which successive waves of invasion broke into powerless fragments. Constantinople saved Europe from becoming Mohammedan territory.

When Constantine, 1500 years ago, was marking out lines of fortification for his new capital, some of his couriers, surprised at the greatness of the included space, asked "How far are you going to carry the lines?" "Until he stops who goes before me," was the answer of the Emperor. He

deemed the city to belong to Jesus Christ; a token of the triumph of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ over the heathen world. To emphasize this idea, Justinian in reconstructing the Cathedral of St. Sophia, tore from the temples of Jupiter, and Venus, and Diana, and Baal, and Astarte, and Isis, and Osiris through all the region of the Eastern Mediterranean, their finest marbles and most noble columns. And the gracious majesty of that venerable monument to the overthrow of paganism still draws visitors from all parts of the world.

The church is now a Mohammedan mosque. The name of Mohammed gleaming in letters of gold by the side of the name of God above the place where the Christian altar used to be, testifies to the failure and downfall of Oriental Christianity in that place, and makes this ancient Cathedral a monument to warn men of the doom awaiting political Christianity everywhere. Knowing by experience, ourselves, the blinding splendour of the temptation when the devil insidiously offers to satisfy all cravings of selfishness in return for some small concession—the Kingdoms of the earth in return for admission that the glory of such possession will content our cravings —we may not judge too harshly the fall of the early Church into this snare. But thus it was that this Church, after celebrating here in the fourth century the triumph of Christianity over the pagan world, became itself in the tenth century

an object lesson in the capacity of the old pagan covetousness and lust for power to deaden disinterested devotion to Jesus Christ, so that in the fifteenth century the Lord " removed its candlestick out of its place."

By the time that Islam finally crushed the Eastern Roman Empire, the name of Constantinople had long been synonymous in Western Asia with Imperial power. The Arabs to this day give it the dreadful name of Imperial Rome (Roum) and know its sovereign as the Sultan of Rome. To the people of the whole region between Bokhara and Afghanistan and the Mediterranean this city is the wonderful place where might and wealth and knowledge take their source. As for the Turkish Empire the whole mass of doleful, disheartened territory is a mere appendage to Constantinople. Throughout its whole extent not a church nor a school, nor a factory nor a sawmill nor a village road nor a bridge over a rivulet can be built, not a book or newspaper can be printed nor a printing press set up, not a single petty official can take office without examination of the question at Constantinople. To this city young men in all Turkey look for their career, merchants for their goods, farmers for their market, mechanics for a field for their skill, and day-labourers for unlimited employment. The whole male population of the Empire has for its ideal of success in life the opportunity to spend some years in Constantinople, and a large part of

each successive generation attains to this ideal and is thus more or less formed by the influences of the great city. The eyes of all religious denominations too, instinctively turn to Constantinople for instruction in doctrine and polity and for the crown of successful effort. There lives the great head of Mohammedanism in all the world. There the Ecumenical Patriarch of the Orthodox Church still sits in the chair of Chrysostom, unmoved by the vain and restless curiosity respecting the nature of truth which first drove the Western Church into schism, and then tore the wandering schismatics of Rome into separate and discordant sects of many names.

In the Armenian Patriarchate of Constantinople is temporal and spiritual guidance for all the Armenians of the Empire. From these eternal hills of New Rome the Legate of the Pope issues edicts of control for all Roman Catholics of Western Asia. There is the Grand Rabbi of the Jews of the Spanish emigration; there is the Exarch of the Bulgarian Church, and there too is the civil chief to whom the Protestant subjects of the Sultan look for obtaining both the instructions and the favour of their sovereign. Turkey has not been able to free itself from the ancient notion that the common people must be controlled through chief men of their own, who by necessity of their ability must live near the Sovereign. Hence its system of Government emphasizes the unique importance of this city to all in the Em-

pire who would be or do anything whatever. Lapse of years has not ended, nor can it ever end the sway of this marvellous city over millions of Asiatics to whom during many centuries it has been known as the dominant point of the universe. The influence of Constantinople can never cease so long as the peoples of Western Asia persist in their ancient custom of coming periodically to this city, like the flow of a tidal wave, in order to carry back with its ebb to distant hamlets the impressions and other gains which the city has given them. Under these circumstances Constantinople may be called the throbbing heart of Turkey. When beneficent principles of life once more govern the lives of its population, this city will once more become as of old an efficient channel for the influence of Europe to control Western Asia; this time, let us hope, with effect to lead the imaginative continent into voluntary and permanent abnegation of the views which have made it hitherto the bitter enemy of its own development and of true civilization.

Perhaps the best way of putting the reader in touch with this peculiarity of Constantinople as the centre of a world of its own, and with the relation of this peculiarity to the efforts of the missionary stationed there, will be to mention a few by-ways of missionary experience in this city of broad issues. At least those at a distance may thus have better understanding of the people for whom the missionary is working and of their at-

titude toward him. And if these experiences reveal the existence of humours in the life of the missionary, it will be but one more case where life alternates between situations at which men laugh and those at which they weep. One point which should be particularly borne in mind is the wide region of country from which the parties to these experiences came or to which their influence extended.

An application like that made to me one day by a man whom we will call Ahmed Bey, is typical of many made to missionaries at Constantinople by people who theoretically ought to be their enemies. Ahmed Bey was a handsome young Mohammedan from a city in Bulgaria, and an officer in the Turkish navy. He came to me in great distress. A certain Turkish Admiral of some importance so far as influence goes, had a daughter of comparative youth only, and afflicted like Leah with some trouble of the eyes which made her helpless much of the time, with injury to her prospects of matrimony. This Admiral had unhappily seen the handsome young officer and wished to marry him to his daughter. When the officer declined the honour with thanks, the Admiral, Laban-like, said that marry her he must. Otherwise he would order the young man to the naval station at Bussora, on the Persian Gulf, for three years. To be sent to Bussora is like being sent to Cuba in yellow fever time. The young man came to me asking "Must I marry

this sore-eyed girl?" I could not help him. The order for his exile to Bussora was actually issued, and only overruled by the appeal at my suggestion of the weeping mother of my friend to a Pasha of high rank who was a native of the same city in Bulgaria as Ahmed Bey, and who had access to the ear of the Sultan.

Such applications to a missionary for friendly assistance oftentimes result in help in the unexpected direction of culture of the moral sense. One day a lawyer, who like a great part of the active business men of Constantinople was not a permanent resident there, came into my room with a curious request. He asked the privilege of laying upon my desk a thousand dollars in gold; saying that if I would allow it to remain there, a Turk would come after a time and take it away.

"Will the Turk have an order for the money?" I asked.

"No; only the right man will know that the money is here."

The part I was expected to play, then, was merely to let the gold lie on the desk until some one came to take it away. The simplicity of this proposal led me to insist on further explanations.

"Will the man receipt for the gold?"

"Oh, no; he will take it and go."

"But how will I know that the right man gets it?"

"That is my look out? No one but the right man will know that the gold is there."

"How will you know that I do not pocket the gold myself?"

"I know you; that is enough!"

I told the lawyer that I would not allow the gold to be left there without understanding the meaning of this extraordinary proceeding. He then told me that he had charge of a case in the High Court. The case was won, but the judgment would not be given unless his client paid a present of a thousand dollars to the President of the Court. The payment of this money was a difficult problem. It would not do for the Judge's man to receive the money from the lawyer's man, nor in fact to receive money from any one. The simple plan was therefore devised of putting the money in a safe place, where the Judge's man would be allowed to find it, like a stray windfall.

It is needless to say that the lawyer was invited to choose some other desk than mine for this purpose. Possibly, however, both he and the judge learned a lesson in morality through the transaction.

Such incidents show more emphatically than analysis of religious doctrine the inward barrenness of the practice of making forms of worship stand for the whole of religion. A similar instance of moral obliquity put me in a position to thwart a proposed fraud on the United States Government. A very wealthy man, a member in good and regular standing in one of the Oriental

Churches, and a Turkish subject of prominence in Government circles, came one day to ask me about the value of an American passport obtained without going through the process of naturalization. Assurances that it was impossible to get a passport on those terms did no good. Explanation that the proposal was a proposal to engage in fraud had not the least weight. Proof that it would be an admission of fraud for a prominent Turkish subject like himself suddenly to wave an American passport in the faces of the Turkish officials with whom he was engaged in a quarrel, only led him to express the opinion that the United States Legation never allows the American passport to be impotent to defend its holder.

This was a dozen years ago, and all the parties to the affair are now dead. But the man assured me that a certain lawyer in Galata had the means of getting him an American passport for the modest sum of $3,000, and the point on which the man wished assistance from the missionary was the question of securing a hold on the lawyer, to whom the money must be paid in advance. I never knew whether the lesson in common honesty which this man received did him any good. But he sadly abandoned the scheme of buying American citizenship for $3,000, and went into the Turkish prison in default of the American protection which he had fondly hoped to gain.

The applications of the people to the missionaries for help in their political and religious quarrels with their superiors make quite a list in the course of a year. One day a fine looking man with a magnificent black beard, with the eye of an eagle and the bearing of a Grand Duke, came to call. He was the chief of a tribe, half Arab, half Canaanite, living in Syria. Conversation in Turkey is farther advanced than in some Western countries, from the artistic point of view. The preliminaries are not necessarily weather comments taken from the Bureau Reports. They are rather expressions of high regard which imply that one is of world-wide fame, so that although but just introduced for the first time, the emotions on meeting are those of a gratified desire.

After these preliminaries had been handled with no less dignity than skill, my visitor explained his object in calling. It was the wish to bring his people, numbering some fifty thousand Mohammedans, to increase the ranks of the Protestant Community. To the chief, the proposition was a reasonable one. Our Protestant friends are few in Turkey, hence such an accession to their ranks would be a matter for any missionary to consider. He was astounded beyond measure on learning that conversion from Mohammedanism to Christianity is not a thing for any one to accomplish for another, and that if his people wished to be Christians, all that was necessary was for each individual to yield up

his heart to Jesus Christ. After long and vain efforts to lead us to see how grand a result we could boast if his people were to join us, he went sorrowfully away. In actual fact the proposal of this man contained the possibility of the complete destruction of the whole missionary enterprise in Turkey. He had some quarrel with Turkish officials, and he hoped that by the bait of a wholesale conversion of his people to nominal Christianity, we would espouse his cause. This he imagined would bring to him and his tribe the support of the United States Government.

In no other city in Turkey than Constantinople can missionaries be sure that they understand the purposes and wishes of the Turkish Government. Without this knowledge they fail to understand the bearing of many edicts and regulations that affect their work, and may easily fall under suspicion or even seem to disregard the laws. The every-day happenings of the period of the Armenian troubles, in 1895 and 1896 gave illustrations of the dominant place occupied by Constantinople and of the necessity of remembering this quality of the city in any scheme of missionary operations in Turkey. The time came during that anxious period when the question was a burning one of the right of missionaries to risk life by staying in the midst of a troubled region. United States officials seemed early to reach the conclusion that missionaries ought to leave the country, instead of causing

to the representatives of the United States anxiety and embarrassment by remaining where they might easily become victims of massacre. Yet the missionaries throughout Turkey wished to remain at their posts in order to do what good they might to the suffering people. They had not what some officials professed to see in them —an ardent desire to get killed for the purpose of adding to the burdens of the official class. But the missionaries in the interior of the country told us at Constantinople that we must give them timely warning when they ought to flee rather than stay, and that they would rely upon our judgment. The responsibility of our position toward these associates was tremendous, for it implied prophetic foresight of new disturbances, through keeping the hand as it were upon the pulse of the Turks to detect each new symptom. Those were days when we dared not take a single step without prayer for guidance. And I believe we had it.

One of the most terribly solemn decisions of a lifetime had to be made just after the massacre in Constantinople in August, 1896, when this question again came up for instant settlement. It was on a Sunday. On the previous Wednesday and Thursday six thousand people had been killed in the streets of Constantinople, their bodies being collected like rubbish by the municipal scavenger carts and their houses and shops being pillaged to the last straw on the floor.

All business was suspended. The city was full of rumours of impending events yet more terrible. A large number of English residents had taken refuge on a steamer in the harbour chartered for the purpose by the British Government, and other Europeans were fleeing from the city in flocks. About noon on that Sunday an official connected with the foreign Diplomatic Corps came in a steam launch to the foot of the hill on which the old Castle of Europe stands, and invited two of us to come to the landing where he awaited us in the launch. He communicated to us, confidentially, information which he said was positive and trustworthy, that upon the next day, Monday, the Armenian revolutionists would fire the city in revenge for the massacre, devoting their attention chiefly to the Mohammedan quarters.

The Mohammedans, who outnumber Christians in Constantinople about three to one, had decided that in case the Armenians attempted this crime, they would have their revenge by killing every Christian in the city, of whatever nationality. Our informant used the strongest possible language to show us the duty which must rest upon us, at least to send away the women and children. He said: "If you men choose to stay and get your throats cut, I have nothing to say more than I have said, but you have no right to sacrifice the twenty or thirty American women and children here who depend on your common

sense for their safety. Say the word and a steamer can be hired and they can go on board this evening and escape. If you leave it until to-morrow none of you will live through the day."

Consider the burden laid upon us by these grave words. The question must be decided at once, and it must be decided by us two alone. Both of us had separately studied the situation by mingling every day with the people to ascertain the temper and intentions of Turks and Armenians. We did not believe in the accuracy of the official's information, but we might be mistaken. The error might be the destruction of the families who trusted us to see to their protection. It was a frightful responsibility which we took upon ourselves, but we told him, thanking him for his kindly intention, that we did not deem it necessary to take the course which he suggested. The event justified our action. Monday passed away in quiet, nor was the massacre afterwards renewed. The simple fact was that our friend had been misled by false information, doubtless furnished him with a purpose.

After mentioning this error of judgment I ought in fairness to tell how this same official saved a town from destruction about the same time. The storm of massacre had swept over the country but this town had been spared. The Governor of the place seemed to regret this and appeared determined to stir up strife between

the Mohammedans and their Armenian neighbours. In the town were three American ladies with about four hundred pupils in their schools. The nearest missionary man was distant from them about three days' journey. We had been informed by letter of the danger which threatened them and when a day later a telegram said, "Danger pressing" it became necessary to seek instantly reinforcements for the orders already secured.

The first appeal was to one of the Embassies which has the right to interfere in behalf of Armenians. The acting Ambassador was asked to tell the Turkish Government that if a massacre occurred at this place, the Governor would have to answer for it in person. He did not like to take this stand respecting the Governor, on his own responsibility, but he cordially promised the strongest representations to the Sublime Porte in order to prevent a massacre. The same request as to the Governor was presented to the friendly official referred to above. He took a carriage and drove to the office of the Turkish Pasha under whose care such questions fell. To him he said, "Your Governor in —— is a rascal. He is trying to get up a massacre there. Three American ladies live there with four hundred pupils, and if a massacre happens, and a hair of the head of one of these defenceless ones is hurt, we shall demand the head of that Governor, and what is more we shall get it." The pasha was

rather astonished at this unaccustomed warmth in diplomatic language, but there was no massacre in that town. By this one impulsive act which saved an innocent and defenceless population from destruction this gentleman disarmed criticism of any errors of judgment elsewhere.

Every one of such side issues in a missionary's experience tells for the advancement of his influence among the people whose friend he would be. This can be seen by any who have mastered the fact that in a country like Turkey there is much preparatory work to be done in the line of personal influence through intercourse which conquers prejudice. In Constantinople this sort of intercourse tells upon the interests of the missionary enterprise in the whole empire because new men, who have never come in contact with the missionaries are often elevated to official position in the place of those who perhaps may have learned to rate them more justly. The old questions then have to be answered anew, the usual suspicions exploded once more, the innate enmity softened if possible. Else the effect of such changes in high places will be felt in missionary stations of the interior through a sudden increase of official interference with every missionary establishment. So far as any remedy exists it has to be sought in the direction of patient plodding effort at personal intercourse with officials at Constantinople. A Pasha at Constanti-

nople soon after his elevation to power was confronted with such an incomprehensible fact as a social reception.

A missionary recently returned from America was invited one evening to a church sociable where the members of the congregation might meet and welcome him. There was quite a gathering of people, and they had a good deal of talking, some light refreshments, a little music and some complimentary addresses which were applauded by vigorous clapping of hands. A day or two after this I was called upon by an official with a message from the great Pasha. He asked what the evening gathering meant. He said "I know that you have some curious customs. You meet in the evening for prayer. I make no objection to that, although no other Christians do it. I know too that when you pray you use a piano, and I make no objection to that although I cannot see what a piano has to do with prayer. But it has been reported that on that evening you also had clapping of hands. The Sultan's orders are precise to learn what that clapping of the hands signified. That gathering must have been for a purpose hostile to the interests of the Government for people do not clap hands when they pray. We do not interfere with your religious freedom, with your meeting in the evening, with your praying, your singing, or your piano playing. But what was the clapping of the hands? I

am bound to tell you that if it is repeated we shall arrest every man, woman and child who enters that house in the evening."

Of course all necessary explanations were made with a grave countenance, for the affair was very grave, and after these explanations we heard no more of the complaint.

A similarly patient, courteous influence has to be exerted to remove the suspicions excited by the books of the missionaries or even by the pictures with which the books are illustrated.

In publishing a hymn book recently, after the hymns had been carefully examined and approved for use, the permit to issue the book was delayed some weeks while the board of censors had the music played over and analyzed in order to make sure that the hymn tunes were not of a heretical nature in politics. Not long ago a decorative cover was prepared for the Turkish version of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's story of "The Other Wise Man." It represented the wise man gazing at the Star of the East. The book cover has now been modified by the Turkish censor who has cut out the star in the picture leaving the man standing upon his housetop like a watchman who is to answer the question "What of the night?" A star symbolizes hope, and in Turkey hope is held necessarily to have political import. But we may depend upon it that the man who cut out that star, learned by the

act to admit to himself that some things in Turkey are below standard values.

In one of the books published by the mission last year, in connection with remarks on sincerity in Christian esteem, the verse was quoted which says "If a man say I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar." The censor erased this verse. He said it was an insult to Mohammedanism. Not being able to quite get the censor's point of view we argued the case. The censor showed that even in a work on Christian ethics this text might call to mind the massacres where Turks were charged with killing their Armenian brethren. In this relation the verse would imply that Turks are liars because they also claim to love God. We insisted on our right to quote Scripture for legitimate ends. Then the censor proposed a compromise. He said that the words of St. John might be made unobjectionable by a very slight modification. "Let the verse read," said he, "'If a man say I love God and hateth his *sister,* he is a liar.'" Women were not commonly killed in the massacres! Appeal to a higher official overruled the man who thus distinguished himself and the class to which he belongs. But while we smile at his folly, let us not forget to mark its true meaning. It was the outward sign of inward turmoil of conscience unexpectedly educated by his encounter with that text.

Allusion was made above to the power which

the missionary has to wreck his whole enterprise permanently by a single ill-considered act. The need of clear vision on the part of missionaries, and also of keeping aloof from political schemes was vividly illustrated at Constantinople during the years 1895 and 1896. A missionary, of all people, must be clear from suspicion of political aims. In those two years the wild storm of violence and carnage swept over the Turkish Empire because the Mohammedans believed that the Armenians everywhere were plotting revolution. Public safety therefore demanded that they should be crippled before their plans could ripen. In this the Turks simply followed out the world's version of the Golden Rule according to David Harum: "Do unto others as you think they're goin' to do unto you, and be sure and do it fust."

Armenian revolutionists existed in Turkey but they were few in number. In any case the Armenians in Turkey are about one million in twenty, and had there been no religious hate for Christians, the Government would have dealt with them as it deals with disaffected Mohammedans, reducing them to impotence by a few judicious arrests. Since the missionary in Turkey labours largely among the Armenians, the Turkish Government professed to suspect the missionaries, quite as much as any of the Armenians. It closely watched their actions in search of grounds for expelling them from the country. At the same time the Armenian revolutionists felt and resented the

influence of the missionaries as being against their foolish schemes of sedition. They even went so far as to notify three missionaries that they had been condemned to death as enemies to Armenian interests.

In this delicate situation one day we were officially notified that the Turkish Government wished to expel from the country the "director of the Bible House Mission" whom an English newspaper had declared on authority of the mayor of an English city, to have stated that the Sultan ordered the massacres. Who was meant was not clear. There is no mission in Constantinople known as the Bible House Mission, and the mission of the American Board is under no director in Constantinople. But it fell to me to try to arrange the affair. I did not know, and did not wish to know whether any missionary had been careless enough to say to the English mayor what he could not possibly prove. But the newspaper paragraph might be understood to point toward one of our most efficient missionaries, to lose whom from the work would be a disaster. I proposed to draw up a card for publication in the London newspaper where the paragraph appeared, remarking on the uncertain identity of the person whose statements were given this weight, but adding that the American Board's Mission, whose offices are in the Bible House deemed it proper to say that it had never felt called upon to formulate its views upon the matter in ques-

tion, nor had it authorized any one to speak for it upon the subject. The American Legation agreed that such a card would be a sufficient satisfaction to the Turkish Government. But well informed friends objected that if I signed the card I would certainly be shot by the revolutionists as too friendly to the Turks. On the other hand the card would be worthless unless signed, and the missionary supposed to be implicated must be saved at all hazards. So the card was signed on the spot, the Turks accepted it as a satisfactory statement, the missionary was neither questioned nor molested,—and I was not shot.

Perhaps the contact with gross defects of moral character which results from holding familiar intercourse with people in no way interested in Christian truth may be regarded as a reason for advising the missionary to keep aloof from such friendships. Yet that missionary must know the people about him to the utmost or he cannot find a remedy for their ills. Moreover some of these chance friendships, merely because the missionary deals with natives as other foreigners at Constantinople do not in thus patiently seeking to know them, have resulted in lasting benefit to both parties.

An incident which deeply moved my sympathy while illustrating this point was in the course of a somewhat intimate acquaintance with a distinguished Mohammedan religious teacher, who was believed to have the power of working mira-

cles, and who was the guest of the Sultan at Constantinople for some time, on the principle common in Turkey of controlling a people by controlling their leader. For this man was the acknowledged leader of more than a million people in the Eastern part of Turkey. After a time this gentleman asked a Mohammedan, also a mutual friend, to help him solve a doubt. The Arabs say that fools are of two kinds, "simple" and "complex." A man who does not know everything and knows that he does not know, is a simple fool, while the man who does not know, and does not know that he does not know, is a complex fool. "Of course I know," said he, "that this American regards me as a good deal of an ignoramus. But I wish you could find out whether he thinks me a simple or a complex fool. Try at all events to let him know that I am not a complex fool, for I know that I do not know much." This man was a warm and sturdy friend to the day of his death.

Such friends of American missionaries in Turkey are not a few among Turkish officials. Sometimes they are made friendly by opportunity of studying the character and work of the missionary, sometimes by the very efforts of hostility. One official, who has rendered important services to missionaries, commenced his acquaintance by trying to blackmail them. By such means officials often reach the point of helping the missionaries in getting permits for their schools or in

building churches or in suggesting means of guarding against unjust suspicions excited by some innocent act.

These incidents give some impression of the prejudice and misunderstanding which hamper missionaries in Turkey. Sometimes there are incidents of another character. A ragged and besmudged specimen of the genus printer's boy, used to bring proof sheets to my room during the noon lunch time. He came then because at other times he was the steam engine of the printing office; for he turned the wheel that furnished the power. In that country man-power is cheaper than steam.

We were always on friendly enough terms, but I knew little about him beyond his faithful performance of duty. One day this man came to me with clean face and hands. Not a trace of printing ink remained about his person. He said he was going to his native village in the far east of the Empire. But first he wished to ask a favour. Then this poor day-labourer told me how he had been taught during these five years by attending the chapel in the Bible House and hearing the sermons of the pastor. Now he was going back to his village and he wanted prayer to follow him. Said he "I have got to tell my neighbours what I have learned here. I have learned to know Jesus Christ, and I want them to know Him. I don't know much and I want your prayers that I may be helped when I try to tell

my people what He is to me." There was an experience that amid the host of daily cares was like entertaining an angel unawares.

By this time it is probably clear to the reader's mind that the work of the missionary at Constantinople should be understood as a many-sided work. Formal preaching of the Gospel is no more the only serious work of the missionary, than fighting is the occupation which solely employs the powers of the soldier in time of war. Jesus Christ, the great missionary, is the model of all who seek to save and elevate men. But little of formal doctrinal preaching is noted in His life in Judea and Galilee, in comparison with the indirect methods used by Him to disarm suspicion, overthrow prejudice and plant germs of truth in the heart. He used His power, now as a healer, now as a teacher, now as a conversationalist. He became the servant of all needy ones. Yet when He dealt with a man or woman His words changed a life. That father whose son the disciples could not heal at the foot of the Mount of Transfiguration, never again, we may be sure, qualified the petitions of a prayer by the phrase "If Thou canst." At Simon's feast the Magdalen of the alabaster box learned in a way that required no reinforcement, how boundless devotion on her part was demanded by boundless forgiving love. He warned His disciples that their work would bring disturbance into society and would cause them to be brought before Governors

and magistrates. It was because they must be prepared to use side issues in every direction, spending time and strength in living the Gospel into people, as well as in the formal work of the preacher.

The same conditions exist to-day wherever attempts are made in non-Christian countries to lead men to see Jesus. The missionary who goes out thinking that his chief work is to preach is turned aside, so to speak, by unexpected incidents which show the vast resisting power of prejudice and superstition. But wherever we can see the texture of these obstacles and the curious calls to indirection which they make upon the missionary we also see the obstacles become a means of preparing the hearts of men to accept the gospel message.

This profound principle of mission work adds enormous importance to the missionary centre at Constantinople, where are the threads of influence that reach to all parts of Turkey, and where the foreigner touches elbows with multitudes of people from every part of Western Asia who would not tolerate him in their own towns and villages, but are proud to be treated as his friends in this metropolis. The applications of such people to the missionary for help may be as wearisome as quaint and curious. But it is a sure token that the teachings of the pulpit are supported by the dealings in the street and the social gathering

when strangers in need of advice go instinctively to the nearest missionary. Among the Turks a man who is thus a recourse in difficulty is playfully called, "The scratching post of the herd." The title is a compliment, but it is also a promise.

Still some may remind us that mere relaxation of hostility is but a poor foundation on which to build a temple of jubilant praise. These by-experiences of a missionary at Constantinople are given merely to enforce the deduction respecting the tremendous importance of Constantinople as a centre for missionary operations which naturally follows examination of the position and history of the city. Few will deny that such experiences weigh in that direction. As for the question of rash optimism, the remark of a European is pertinent who is in no wise biassed in favour of American missions in Turkey. This gentleman, who was secretary of one of the European Embassies at Constantinople made a long tour in Asiatic Turkey some two or three years ago. On his return, I said to him, "You have seen the American missionaries in all parts of this country and have had opportunity to examine their methods of work. You know also the difficult position in which they are sometimes placed through the suspicions of Government officials. Can you suggest any changes of policy or method which might somewhat forestall such suspicions?"

The Secretary was a Roman Catholic, and perhaps for this reason he visibly hesitated before giving his reply. But what he said was this:

"I sometimes remember in our official relations with Turkey a Turkish proverb. I think you may console yourselves also with this proverb, even in the delicate position which you sometimes occupy.——Yes on the whole it applies to your case also: 'The dogs run out and bark, but still the caravan goes on!'"

II

THE MOHAMMEDAN QUESTION

STANDING at the top of one of the two Fire Towers of Constantinople one notes a curious peculiarity in the structure of the city. There are several considerable groups of light coloured buildings of more or less modern aspect and of solid structure. Surrounding these groups as a great sea surrounds small islands, and stretching away into the distance on all sides is the vast dingy mass of old and shapeless houses. Although there are many and increasing exceptions to the rule, the solid and light coloured buildings, generally speaking, are in the districts where Christians live, while the great dull coloured mass represents the quarters inhabited by Muslims.

The question inevitably rises to the lips why are not the Mohammedans more generally drawn to build and live in, instead of building for Christians to live in, houses attractive and solid? And on examining the social organization of a Mohammedan country like Turkey, this question is broadened by discovery of strange facts. The Muslim inhabitants of Asiatic Turkey are sturdy,

simple minded, and often honest and industrious peasants, working the soil and making their squalid living out of it. But they are far behind the people of European Turkey in their appliances for work.

The degree of intellect which these people possess is shown by their farming apparatus. Being farmers, their crops must be got to market or they will starve. But they do not know this fact, for no one has told them that it is a fact. The cart of the Turk of Asia Minor, is the highest evolution of brain that he has ever seen; but do not think that he invented it. It has not a particle of iron about it except the iron tires of its narrow footed wheels. The wagon builder takes two long poles and lays them side by side. At one end he fastens the two poles together with a wooden peg, and at the other end he spaces the poles apart by a wooden stretcher about two feet long. The small end of the triangle thus formed is the tongue to which the long straight bar which answers for the yoke is lashed by thongs of raw hide. The broad end of the triangle is the body of the cart, and is filled by a rough network of rope. About three and a half feet from the broad end of the triangle a crescent shaped block of wood is pinned to the under side of each pole, the concave surface resting upon the axle, and holding it in place by means of guide pins on each side of the curve of the crescent. The axle is a rough log of wood about six inches in diameter

carefully rounded and smoothed at the place where the crescent shaped blocks rest upon it. The rest of the axle is roughly hewn into shape and its ends are carefully squared and fitted into the solid wooden disks which form the wheels of the cart. Wheels and axle revolve together like carwheels. As they revolve they give forth unearthly shrieks and groans. A caravan of these carts carrying produce to the coast enlivens the mountain sides with weirdly ringing music, and yet no one seems to have thought of diminishing the friction and ending the din by use of a little grease.

The cart will carry about fifteen bushels of wheat in sacks, and when used in the carrying trade, drawn by two buffaloes and driven by the owner, it will bring the man as much as thirty-five cents a day. The grief of the carter, however, is the behaviour of his two solid wooden wheels. They object to both wet weather and dry, and he has to try to maintain a medium state by bathing them at every stream and sheltering them from the sun at every halt under his coarse, brown overcoat. Six hundred years of experience and dire necessity have not suggested to any one the need or the possibility of improvement.

The farmer's cart of northern Asia Minor still closely follows the type of the two wheeled chariot of the ancient Phrygian warriors. Left to himself the Mohammedan peasant of Turkey improves neither his tools, his stock, his produce, nor the

soil of his fields, even though he may become able to put on the airs and graces of a landed proprietor. The case is but little different in the cities. One meets there Mohammedans who are dignified and commonly courteous officials and shrewd diplomatists. One admires there many patient and brave soldiers. But the Muslim masses are hewers of wood and drawers of water; they are bearers of burdens; they are donkey drivers; they are the smallest of small traders, they are artisans whose hands compete with their tools in clumsiness.

Closer acquaintance reveals the fact that from the beginning of Turkish history very many of the greatest men of the Empire have been of Christian origin—men who took Mohammedan names and the Mohammedan religion as stepping stones to greatness. To-day the army depends on foreign Christians for its organization as well as for its arms and ammunition, and to a considerable degree for the instruction of its officers. The Treasury would go to pieces if Christian counsellors were not at the side of the Minister of Finance. Rarely does a wealthy Turk venture to keep up an establishment without a Christian to manage his accounts. A Mohammedan banking house is almost unthinkable. The most important book publishing houses for Mohammedan literature, are owned and operated by Christians, and the most influential Mohammedan newspapers are Christian property. No Muslim ma-

chinist succeeds unless he has a Christian for chief. The architect who builds the mosque is a Christian. Turkish steamers are bought abroad, or if built at great expense in Turkey the man who makes the plan and the builder who follows it are both Christians. The steamers are rarely trusted to Muslim captains, and when they are, they can be recognized as far as they can be seen by their dilapidation and disorder. Why are the positions of trust, and of manual skill and financial responsibility in a Mohammedan country not filled by Mohammedans? Why is there an incompleteness in the Mohammedan's equipment for life which is more notable than that of the Christian or Jew brought up under the same environment?

But the same question instinctively leaps to the lips on noticing the Mohammedan religious observances in this city of magnificent mosques.

The first impressions of Islam in Constantinople are commonly gained from seeing its worship and hearing the beautiful sentences in which it voices its praise of God. Mohammedans often describe Constantinople as a forest of minarets. These slender spires, inspiring both in numbers and in grace, enter into any view of the city. And in the quiet of sunset or of the evening, the visitor's soul is stirred again and again by the solemn song of the muezzin calling all men to worship the one Almighty God. At certain times in the year, the muezzin returns to the minaret

after the last service of the evening, when the city turmoil is stilled, to voice for the pious nation its praise of the most High. High in the little balcony of the minaret he stands like a precentor leading the hymns of the people; and the temple in which he has taken his stand is limited by the starry dome of heaven alone. The practice is beautiful. Muslims often call attention to it with pride, for thus Islam makes the wide world resound with God's praises, and the hearts of the people say, Amen.

The Christian listener cannot fail to find his heart lifted up by the beautiful words ringing out upon the stillness and darkness of the night from the lips of the worshipper upon the slender tower above the mosque. "Oh Mighty God! Oh Glorious God! Thou art peculiar for greatness and graciousness. Thou dost not slumber while thy servants sleep! Wonderful the watch which thou dost ever keep! Oh slumbering servants of God! I am amazed at you who slumber while God wakes! How long will you sleep? How can you sleep before the God who keeps watch? Awake from sleep, be up and praise!"

It is indeed God's praise echoing abroad through the wide earth from the lips of a pious nation! But the pious chant is drowned by a shout from other pious Muslims nearer than that lofty minaret to the practical affairs of life, who have not enough respect for the idea of a nation of worshipers to await the end of the anthem be-

fore breaking in upon it with their song which also rises to the starry dome:

"Red lips so near
The way is clear
There's none to chide
Sweet lips come near
There's no more fear
When once you've tried!"

Then the visitor experiences a revulsion of feeling. He faces the depressing question, Which is the true Islam? And perplexity is no whit lessened by knowing that the singer on the street cannot understand the thrilling Arabic words of the singer on the minaret who claims to be the spokesman of the nation.

Wherever Mohammedan worshipers are found the same situation is met—the mass seeming truly devoted to God's worship, the individual seeming unmoved by the Presence. Why does the same incompleteness of endowment seen in the material life of the Muslim dwarf his spiritual faculties also? The Mohammedan believes in God; he uses Psalms of praise derived from the Hebrew Hymnal; he promulgates a code of morals virtually the same as that of Sinai; he admits the miraculous birth and the unique character of Jesus Christ. Why is this noble promise of strength everywhere coupled with weakness and ghastly failure? This is the Mohammedan question to the missionary.

Thomas Carlyle makes an inquiry which goes to the roots of one element of this puzzle. He says "Islam triumphed by the sword. But where did it get its sword?" The answer to Carlyle's question and the secret of the strength of Islam is bound up with the conviction which made Mohammed a teacher of the worship of God. The great truth which burned in the heart of Mohammed until it made him a prophet was the truth that God is one God, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

The folly as well as the crime of idolatry is now so clearly seen by every Muslim that a frenzy of contempt and indignation possesses him whenever he meets it. To this day in Muslim lands no man will allow a picture to hang in his house. Texts of Scripture artistically written and carefully framed decorate the walls. Graceful interlacings of the Arabic letters beautify his draperies and furniture, while conventionalized leaves or simple geometrical forms make the scheme of ornament for his carpets and utensils. The use by Christians of pictures and crosses in worship, or of pictures for decoration, which are ignorantly supposed to be worshiped in the houses, arouses bitter and ever renewed hatred among the Mohammedans.

A Turk once told me that a friend advised him to hear foreign Christians preach, for their words were good. He followed a foreign clergyman into a chapel one Sunday. But he could

not find words to express his indignation on finding the congregation kneeling before a picture of the Virgin Mary placed over an altar covered with candles. The experience weaned him from all desire to hear foreign Christians preach. A Turkish officer visiting a Greek church saw in the dome the figure of an old, old man, representing God. The priest wished to hurry him to the other side of the church, but the Turk said "Stay, What is the picture in the dome?" "Oh, that is nothing," said the Greek; "Come over here and see our books." "Now," said the officer in telling me the story, "the priest knew it was wrong to make that picture, for he was ashamed to have me see it. But in his infamous hypocrisy he teaches his people to kneel to it, while to escape my blame he calls his God nothing, and that is his religion!"

Islam got its sword where Israel got its mighty weapon for hewing a place among the nations. Islam got its sword through championship of the truth of God's being when the world had well-nigh forgotten Him. Mohammed welded this truth with such heat upon the minds of his hearers that no crevice is left for a hair's breadth of doubt respecting the truth of the whole accompanying doctrine. To this day Islam has power to convert pagans because it uses this same truth with similar heat. Where, then, is room for weakness to creep in? Let us review the essentials of Muslim doctrine.

Esaad Effendi, while Sheikh ul Islam, or chief religious Doctor at Constantinople, wrote for a foreigner who wished to become a Mohammedan, a careful statement of the fundamental teachings of Islam. As being a straightforward and attractive statement of doctrine, he had it published in all the papers of Constantinople. It is based throughout on the teachings of the Koran, and will give one more completely than any other summary within my knowledge the essentials of Mohammedan belief. Somewhat condensed, but in actual words of the Sheikh ul Islam it is as follows:

"God is one God; a spirit, who begets not neither is begotten. He is merciful; He is just, and He is Supreme Creator and Almighty Ruler. Hence to His providence must be attributed the origin of all good and all evil in the world.

"Man is created that he may adore the Creator. Adoration is summed up in two phrases; to honour God's commands and to have compassion on God's creatures.

"Man cannot know the form of worship worthy of God's glory, hence God has appointed prophets and has sent to them, by His angels, inspiration and written books. Mohammed is the last and greatest of the prophets. The next greatest is Jesus and the third is Moses. After them rank Abraham, Noah and Adam. The full number of the prophets is known to God alone.

"The final revelation of God to man is the Koran. It is holy, eternal and unchangeable. It has been preserved as precious from the first day and will endure until the last day.

"What makes a man one of the Submitted people (*Musliman**) is faith in God, in His angels, in His books, in His prophets, in the last Judgment, with attribution to God's providence of both good and evil.

"The child of the Submitted people is also a Submitted one (*Muslim*) through his birth, and requires no human intermediation to make him such. But the unsubmitted man becomes one of the Submitted by faith; that is by fixing in his heart and proclaiming in words "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God," which is in Arabic, *La ilaha il' Allah, Mohammed Resoul Ullah:* By that act he has become submitted (*Muslim*) and has found Divine grace. But no human being can be intermediary between man and God. This transaction is one in which men or priests have no part.

"Belief annuls all sin. The unbeliever who accepts Mohammedanism becomes by conversion as innocent as on the day of his birth, except that his neighbours' rights cannot be annulled; he

* The word Muslim means Submitted (to God) and is the most usual name which Mohammedans apply to themselves. The plural of this word is Musliman and is the source of the English word Mussulman.

must make reparation in the judgment day to every person whom he has oppressed or injured.

"Nevertheless, to be a perfect believer a Mohammedan must perform obligatory duties, pray to God, and avoid sins like murder, theft, adultery and sodomy.

"The duties obligatory upon Mohammedans are, 1. To pray five times a day. 2. To give alms to the poor to the extent of one-fortieth of one's goods every year. 3. To fast during the whole month of Ramazan, and 4. To make once a pilgrimage to Mecca.

"If a believer does not obey the commands of God, he does not by this means become an unbeliever. He has gone astray. He remains at the Divine disposal. God either pardons him or condemns him to pass in hell a time proportionate to his sins. A sinner who repents and asks in person from God forgiveness of his sins, obtains the Divine pardon, always excepting the restoration of the rights of a neighbour whom he has injured. The only way of escape from responsibility for injustice to others is by obtaining a full quittance from the injured party.

"All men will rise at the Day of Judgment to be questioned as to their deeds, one by one. The only exceptions to this questioning are those who died while fighting unbelievers, and are therefore martyrs. All such pass without inquiry into Paradise. Soldiers who fight in the Holy War are not excepted, although all the acts of such,

even acts done in sleep, are considered acts of worship. At the Judgment Day God will compel every man who has injured his neighbour to restore to him his due.* Even martyrs then have to restore what they have wrongfully taken from any man, for God is just. After the Judgment the elect pass into Paradise and the damned into hell.

"In one word, every man must learn the precepts revealed by God through His prophets, and must conform thereto. And there is never any intermediary between man and God. Still, certain religious ceremonies, such as the special prayers of Friday and of some feasts, cannot be performed save by order of the Sultan as Caliph (successor) of the Prophet. Obedience to his orders, therefore, is one of the most important of religious duties.

"Furthermore one of the things to which every Muslim should be very attentive is uprightnesss in character. Pride, presumption, egotism and harshness are not becoming in a Mussulman. To revere the great and pity the small is a Mohammedan precept."

Many persons on reading this statement will think it about what any reasonable man would

* I once refused to pay a livery man in Constantinople a sum which he asked in excess of the sum agreed upon for a horse. For weeks afterwards this man did not fail, on meeting me to call out, "I shall get it from you on the Judgment Day!"

approve in his neighbour in the way of religious principle. Throughout the Koran pages of phrases exist which exalt virtue and condemn vice. Such injunctions seem to run in many cases very near to Christian moral teaching. But when we come to seek the meaning attached by the Koran and its followers to these words, we meet a surprise. In travelling in Turkey I once fell in with a Pasha, a governor of one of the provinces of Asia Minor. A Turk must not be deemed a necessarily disagreeable companion. This Pasha was a most agreeable and even attractive man, and during a voyage which lasted several days, we talked on almost every conceivable subject of interest to plain and decent men. The fine qualities of this Turk might serve as a capital text on the impertinence of molesting the religious system of a people already so cultured. The Pasha had some very good ideas.

One day a wealthy Turkish family was preparing to leave the ship. The daughter, a bright little girl of twelve, appeared dressed in her silken finery with diamonds in her hair, diamond rings on her fingers, and a long string of gold coins passing over her shoulder to sustain a golden belt at her waist. She was like some beautiful barbarian princess. The Pasha said to me, "What a pity to have our girls taught to rely upon ornaments for decoration! Just listen now and see me make that little girl ashamed of her-

self." So he called her to him and said, "See here, Emine, do you know what makes a woman beautiful, no matter how poorly she is dressed? It is the beauty of her heart and her life." The girl looked at him a moment and then disconcerted the Pasha, and stopped his intended sermon by the answer, "I know what you think. You think I wear these things because I am rich and want to show off. It is not so at all. I wear these things just because they are pretty. I don't put on airs!"

This incident placed the little girl and the great Pasha in quite a pleasing light. But this sensible and well-meaning man showed me another side of his character at evening at table in the cabin. He asked me to take a glass of wine with him. I declined. Then the Pasha said, "You may think it strange that I, a Mohammedan, should ask you, a Christian and a missionary, to drink with me when wine drinking is forbidden by our religion. I will tell you how I dare do this thing." He filled his glass, and held it up looking at the beautiful colour of it, and said, "Now if I say that it is right to drink this wine, I deny God's commands to men, and He would punish me in hell for the blasphemy. But I take up this glass, admitting that God has commanded me not to drink it, and that I sin in drinking it. Then I drink it off, so, casting myself on the mercy of God. For our religion lets me know that God is too merciful to

punish me for doing a thing which I wish to do, when I humbly admit that to do it breaks His commandments."

The Pasha's curious idea that God is too merciful to condemn failures in self-restraint throws a new light on the statement of religious requirements made by Esaad Effendi the Sheikh ul Islam. For that idea applies in the mind of the Muslim to all requirements of the moral law. The case of wine drinking is merely an accidental illustration of the working of the theory. A pious Mohammedan of Constantinople, who combines the vocation of defending the superiority of Islam as a moral force in the world with that of writing novels in the field of Zola, carries this theory of God's toleration of man's self-gratifications to its logical result. In one of his rather brilliant books,* after lauding the provision which lets a man follow his changing whims to the extent of taking four different wives, he frankly cites this liberty as proof of the Divine origin of Islam. For, since God knows the natural tendencies of man, a permission like this exalts the mercy and compassion of God.

If, in the light of this notion of God's attitude toward self-indulgence we now read again the statement of Mohammedan doctrine given above, we shall see that the Shiekh ul Islam makes a clear

* Kari Koja Masáli, a book on marriage.

distinction between commands of God which must be obeyed—which are duties obligatory upon every man—and requirements to which great attention must be paid. The duties which he deems obligatory upon man as commands of God all belong to ritual and the formal observances of worship, while the requirements to which "great attention" must be paid are moral precepts. That these moral precepts are not essential parts of the religious demands of Islam is clear from the declaration that moral turpitude cannot deprive a man of his quality as a "submitted one," nor of his share in the Muslim's paradise. The inverted importance thus given to observances of ritual compared with moral virtues affects the whole body of Mohammedan religious teaching.

The litany of Islam contains fourteen short sentences of praise, varied on great occasions by the addition of certain Glorias from the Koran. Few of them contain anything a Christian may not say. These sentences of adoration, recited inaudibly with the proper genuflections, constitute one "turn" (*rikat*) of worship. A specified number of "turns" form the requirement for each of the five daily prayers. But the order and number of repetitions of these pious ejaculations are of overmastering importance. A mistake in the order in which they are spoken, or in using while standing one which belongs to the bowing post-

ure, or in making four repetitions instead of three, spoils the whole worship. It then has to be done over more carefully from the beginning.

As if to emphasize the importance of the form, the doctors of theology have added their testimony (which sounds a little like the Talmud) that the knees and the forehead show the effect of use in worship by failing to brown like the rest of the body when exposed to the flames of hell. Thus Mohammedans who have suffered the appointed penalty for their sins, can readily be recognized when it is desired to withdraw them from the place of torment, by the colour of their foreheads and their knees. The emphasis on form is repeated many times in the acts of the Prophet Mohammed. He was one day in the midst of his ablutions when a passing tribesman gave him the usual salutation. Instead of returning it with the usual answer, "Glory to God!" the Prophet remained silent, and the other man was abashed. When the Prophet had finished his ablutions, he spoke to the man kindly, explaining that he did not answer the salutation because he could not "utter the name of God with unclean lips."

One of the Muslim traditions of Moses carries the idea of the Divine commendation of forms still farther; Moses the man of God, one day prayed to God, saying: "Oh merciful God show to me the most wicked man in the city." And God said to him: "Stand by the gate and he that cometh in last at night is the most wicked man in

the city." So Moses stood by the gate and noted who was the last to come in, and the gates were shut. And Moses prayed again, saying: "Oh merciful God, show me, I pray Thee the most holy man in the city." And God answered him saying: "Stand by the gate in the morning and the first man to go out, he is the most holy man in the city." So Moses stood at the gate in the morning and when the gates were opened, behold the first to go out was the same who was last to come in at night and whom he had noted as the wickedest man; and lo! he was now the most holy. And Moses was troubled and he prayed again, saying: "Oh Most Merciful God, why hast Thou dealt thus with Thy servant, and said of the same man he is most wicked and he is most holy?" And the Lord answered, "When that man came in he was unclean, but since then he has performed ablution, so that none in the city is so pure as he."

The natural result of giving to ritual this unique position as the first obligation of man is to leave him free in his quest for self-gratification. Let it not be supposed that there is no recognition of sin in Islam. It is everywhere denounced. But it is everywhere treated as calling for retribution, not reform. Repentance is simply regret for the punishment of sin. And when the Mohammedan sinner has suffered in hell the penalty appropriate to his case he is fit for admission to blessedness in God's eternal favour with-

out change of character. So thoroughly is this idea of God's tolerance of sin wrought into the intellect of the Mohammedan, that one of the Mohammedan censors of the Press at Constantinople, when confronted with the phrase in a Christian book "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," insisted that the statement must be changed to read "Jesus Christ came into the world to save Christian sinners." Mohammedans are not placed in jeopardy by sin and need no Saviour. But in these teachings, besides the supreme importance of forms, the importance of self and of the interests of self are everywhere presupposed.

Throughout the Mohammedan rules for worship along with injunctions whose words remind one of the demand of the Old Testament for heart-service of God, attention to self-interest is everywhere emphasized. The daily praying and ablutions must be repeated five times a day, but in deference to personal convenience, permission is given to do the prayers all at once with one ablution provided careful tally is kept of the number of times of repetition which this accumulation of dues in worship implies.

The rigid fast by day during the month of Ramazan, the Koran says, will secure forgiveness of sin, but as the Koran instructs the people to eat by night instead of by day in that month, the fast becomes a mere change of time for eating. In actual fact Mohammedans eat more and live more

luxuriously in their month of fast than in ordinary times. And in the giving of alms, the directions are precise as to the number of animals the farmer must give out of his herds. It is an act of worship and he must respect it as such. But the man, while forbidden to give his poorest animals, since he himself would not accept such an offering, is told he need not give his best for this act of worship, but should rather choose a medium animal. When the people are told to offer animals in sacrifice to God, too, the Koran goes half way to meet the reluctant worshiper by showing how benevolently the demand avoids self-denial. He has had the use of the animal before sacrifice, and has the use of it after sacrifice, being allowed to eat its flesh himself. Men are commanded to regard other Muslims as brothers, and to avoid harsh or overbearing conduct. Yet here again the Koran comes to the rescue of the natural passions by definitely instructing its followers to take vengeance equal to the injury, upon any who harm them, adding that in case the work of retaliation proves difficult, "verily God will assist you, for God is merciful and ready to forgive." And this by the side of instructions to "pay great attention" to kindness and compassion.

Again, the law about alms-giving as an act of worship specifically mentions that these alms must not be given to any poor who are not Mohammedans. It is one of the multitude of in-

junctions which feed hatred toward all fellow men who are outside of the Muslim faith. The sure encouragement of the worst of selfish passions which such injunctions are bound to produce seems quite overlooked. But the climax of this series of provisions for the service of God without self-abnegation is reached in the nature of the reward promised in Paradise to the faithful.

The pictures placed by the Koran in this connection before the gloating eye of the believer, and urged upon his study and meditation, are familiar to all. The nature of the minute details given is such as to prevent any claim that these pictures are merely figurative and spiritual symbols. Again and again the Koran reverts to those luxuries now classed as forbidden—the silken robes, the golden ornaments, the numerous women perfected in beauty who are provided for each believer, the savoury delicacies of the table, with appetite instantly renewed for longer delight in eating, and with wine liberally poured out to make up for abstention in this world. Our Pasha permitting himself to satisfy his craving for wine while believing it to be forbidden him by God, only followed the teaching of the Koran.* "God is minded to make your religion light unto you, for man was created weak." For the effect on

* Frankly stated in the 4th Sura in connection with the permission for polygamy.

the mind of attempts to follow this teaching is to make religion a form, self-indulgence a privilege, and a self-centred life in man an object of the benevolent solicitude of God. To an outside observer the doctrine may even seem designed to secure the coddling of the flesh, by implanting indelibly in the heart the idea that self-gratification is the highest good, and that man has Divine permission to serve both God and Mammon.

But it is to the profound effect on the daily life of such a theory that we have to direct our attention. One effect is that it abolishes any essential connection between religion and moral conduct.

Attendance at an evening service in the mosque of St. Sophia does much to sweep away prejudice against the Mohammedan religion. Being an unbeliever one has to go into the unused galleries; entering the mosque by the narrow dark passage and cavernous side gateway assigned to women in Greek times, and to other inferior classes in these days. A winding way, which is an inclined plane made for the comfort of the wives of Justinian's Romans, leads up and up to the gallery above. At last the dim light of the vaulted passage suddenly brightens, and another turn of the way brings to view a lofty, splendid marble gateway which is full of light. Not that there is a lamp there. The light is in the atmosphere.

Sixty feet beyond the gateway is a group of noble columns joined by many a gracious sweep

of arch. Beyond them is the blazing glory of light which has penetrated to the end of the winding passage. No lamps are to be seen; nothing but the penetrating golden glow against which columns, arches and parapet are black as ink. It is like coming out of the depths of a mountain cavern to see through its yawning mouth the noontide glory of June where sky and clouds alone as yet limit the view. In an instant, of course, the sense of perspective returns. The black columns and parapet and arches are not black. Their shaded surface is rich with delicate traceries and mellow tints, and there is the glitter of gold where the glow from beyond strikes the under edge of the arches; and upon the darkness of the opposite gallery other arches and other columns stand forth bathed in a dead gold colour, while the columns and arches of the foreground on either hand are seen to stretch away in unnumbered succession. The shock of the first impression of an infinite glory, holds one on the threshold of the marble portal. The second, more sentient glance draws one quickly to the parapet of the wide gallery, that the mystery may be solved of the glory of light without visible source, and of the columns and arches which do not confine one within walls.

Far below are hundreds of tiny lamps hanging in huge clusters in invisible connection with the dome equally far above the level of the gallery.

In long lines upon the cornices, and even around the base of the dome, hundreds and thousands of tiny lamps glitter before the eyes. The ruling tint of the walls and of the wonderful dome above is the dull gold of mosaics a thousand years old; exactly the colour of the light from the little lamps. Thus it comes to pass that the impression from the dark gateway is of softly gleaming light unlimited in depth.

And now, sitting upon the rough benches provided for the discomfort of foreign visitors, one can begin to realize the grandeur of the idea which ruled the building of this temple. Glitter was not the purpose of the architect of St. Sophia, although originally the church was almost one continuous sheet of gold. Religiosity aroused by light dimly penetrating through arches was not his thought, but infinite glory. When he devised that vast interior without visible support for the majestic sweep of its mighty dome his heart was lifted in awe to the footstool of the Most High. He would fain lift the hearts of the people to feel His presence too. Looking up into the great dome we may see that the Mohammedan conqueror has also grasped this idea; for at the very apex he has made a circle of intricate tracery of letters which form Arabic words from the Koran: "God is the light of Heaven and earth; the similitude of His light is as a niche in which is a lamp and the lamp within glass; and the glass

shines as it were a star. It is lighted from a blessed tree; an olive neither of the East nor of the West."

Four or five thousand people are ranged in long lines side to side upon the matted floor of the mosque. A white turbaned old man is seated in front of this congregation facing the mihrab * a little to the right of the centre of the apse. Suddenly a shrill cry from the gallery of the choir rings through the great building. Before one comprehends what is happening the awe aroused by the place of worship is deepened by the awe of worship itself. The congregation below is so far away as to seem in another world. Standing there before God are old and young, rich and poor, flaxen-haired Slav, rotund Turk, and swarthy Arab, all differences of age, race, and social rank melted away by approach to the throne of the Almighty God.

As the evening worship commences, it is clear that the great assembly is absorbed in exalting Him who is the one true God. "God is most Great, God is most Great!" shrilly proclaims the monotone of the Imam from the distant altar-place of the apse. Like the rustling of leaves in a wind-tossed forest is the rustle of the multitude muttering, "God is most Great," while all together as one man bring their foreheads to the ground in adoration. Again the congregation

* The niche which marks the direction of Mecca.

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA

rise and stand with inaudible utterance, following the Imam and the choir through the noble prayer which forms the first chapter of the Koran: "In the name of God the merciful and the compassionate! Praise God the Lord of all creatures, the merciful, the King of the Day of Judgment. Thee do we worship; of Thee do we ask assistance. Lead us in the right way, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious; not of those with whom Thou art wroth nor of those who wander from Thee."

While the sentences of the Muslim litany are uttered, all the people together reverently bow, then kneel, and then bring their foreheads to the ground in utter prostration before God. The solemn fitness of the words of adoration, the silence of the mass of people following the words of the white-haired leader, the absolute union of the long lines of men shoulder to shoulder in their bowings, kneelings and prostrations, fairly compels admission that that stately building is now quite as much the house of God as when it echoed with the chant of the Greek liturgy.

And then some one touches your elbow. The broad shouldered Softa * who brought you up to the gallery, and whose flowing robes, and snow-white turban, and finely molded features, and flowing gray beard, and dignified bearing you

* *Softa* is the title colloquially applied to the lower grades of the religious hierarchy and especially to the students of the mosque schools described in chapter VI.

have not failed to admire, whispers in your ear the dismal word "Bakshish." "Why do you want Bakshish?" "I, too, am one of the Submitted people (Muslim). I ought to be there," pointing with his thumb toward the luminous abyss beyond the parapet, whence the Imam's penetrating cry "God is most Great" is again rising. "For your sake I have stayed away from worship. It is a sin. Much bakshish you should give one who has sinned for your sake."

The lugubrious whine of the old rascal breaks the spell! There is then such a thing as insensibility to the impressive worship of this great sanctuary! Giving the man a quarter in unconcealed disgust, you plunge into the dark tunnel of descent and actually flee from the place.

Now the idea of religion which underlies such an act by one of its teachers is that it is solely an outward affair. The man who wanted to be paid for sinning had no inkling of such a thing as the building up of character, nor of the effects of self-indulgence or the desire for it in preventing improvement. It should not be supposed that there is no self-denial in Islam. Mohammedans rightly claim that the minute attention demanded by the rites and forms of worship trains men in self-denial and self-control. But this self-denial and self-control enforced in one direction only, necessarily comes to be regarded as a temporary burden. It has small effect on the

character or on man's relations to his fellow men. In fact it actually removes from questions of moral conduct the impelling force of a desire to please God. To please God it is enough to follow carefully the prescribed observances.

In America we are optimistic enough to believe that professions of religion which bear no trade-mark of good deeds will sooner or later receive their just dues from the community in which they appear. In the Orient, however, no such popular punishment of a divorce of morals from religion occurs. One may often see in Asia a man who hesitates no more before committing robbery than before picking a ripe plum from the tree, a man who can kill a neighbour of another faith with as clear a conscience as if he were wishing him "Good morning," a man whose experience enables him to tell to a hair the number of blows with a sand-bag which will kill and the number that will merely stun, a man who will as a matter of course take advantage of a woman accidentally left unprotected within his reach, and who nevertheless can wax eloquent over the beauty of love to God, and suffer from scruples about eating mutton that is not known to have been slaughtered in the canonical manner. Any vocabulary of religious terms thus comes to have meanings which are entirely different from those given by Christians to the same elementary terms of religious experience. We have already seen

how different from the Christian understanding of the word is the Muslim idea of "purity" in a religious sense.

Such a new meaning of "repentance" appears as is implied by a saying of Mohammed respecting a man stoned to death for adultery. "Bury him" said the Prophet "as a good Muslim; for he has repented with such a repentance that if it were divided among the whole human race it would suffice for all." Again, the phrase "The fear of God" is used in the literal sense as a deterrent from sin. "The knowledge of God" is a sort of auto-hypnotic state, to which a man is brought by turning his tongue back to his palate, holding his breath and repeating "There is no God but God" as many times as possible before a new respiration is taken.

"Spiritual Food" is any literature that arouses strong emotion, even though it be Swinburne or Walt Whitman. "Holiness" is the condition of the man, who after fulfilling the prescribed forms of worship, performs extra supererogatory genuflections and ablutions and fastings through desire of merit. Such definitions of Mohammedan religious terms are popular rather than theological, but they are the accepted definitions, and have their origin in the peculiarities of the system whose essentials are given by the Sheikh ul Islam.

A more subtile effect of the justification of self-seeking by these doctrines is the progressive narrowing of the circle of the sympathies. We find

among the Mohammedans in Constantinople many examples of kindly and even beautiful generosity. But we also discover that more than any other class of the people of the city the Mohammedans tend to group themselves in little circles which are exclusive and have no emotion for these outside. A few years ago an English steamer loaded with wheat was sunk by collision in passing through the Bosphorus, and fifteen men went down with the ship in fifty fathoms of water. The comment of the Mohammedan papers of the city was lamentation over the loss of so much good wheat!

Constantinople under fair skies is matchless; deluged with mud it is without a rival; but clogged with snow, it is a spectacle of helpless misery which is outside of the range of description. The Constantinoplitan makes no forecast of his needs as winter approaches for he knows that three winters out of five are nearly free from snow. He has no incitement to prepare for winter when he may hope that the Lord will spare him this winter also. Then when the snow storms come down on the city they find the people hopelessly dazed. At one such time I remember seeing a man step upon a pile of snow in the street. A yell came forth from the snow pile which revealed the presence of a man. He had lain down in the street from which the very dogs had fled, and he was sheltering under his cloak two little shivering girls. He was a war refugee whom

the police had turned out of the old ruined house which had served as shelter for him and his two little girls. The police had selected the height of the snow storm as the fitting moment to do this. The aged Mohammedan had walked the streets of this Mohammedan city looking for shelter in vain until the little girls could go no farther and were whimpering with hunger and cold. Then he crouched upon the pavement, and took them under his cloak where they spent the night because in all the city there was no one to attend to their need. A peculiarity of Mohammedan charity is that it is ostentatious but takes small pains to see that it relieves the really needy. Even when men were dying of starvation in Asia Minor, wealthy Muslims rarely gave help to the peasantry.

The same effect of the doctrine appears in the lack of business solidarity between dealer and customer seen among the Mohammedans of the city. You go into a shop in the Bazaars to buy a rug. The pious owner of the shop is engaged in prayer upon the low platform which takes the place of a counter. When he has finished his prayers, he sells you a rug, demanding three times the regular price for it. If you leave it to him to send home, he will send you a poorer article, and will insist that this was the one which you bought. On being remonstrated with for this conduct the man will say, "This is Constantinople. You say that I shall lose my custom-

ers by displeasing them. I tell you that if you cease to trade with me, I shall find ten new customers who have just come to the city, and so I shall not miss you."

The narrowness which prevents community of interest appears also in church affairs. The mosques of Constantinople are supported by great endowment funds, the gifts of the faithful who have passed away. But if you talk with the keepers of the mosques about the funds set apart for this purpose, they will tell you that everybody tries to get a portion for private uses. Rich Pashas have their infant children appointed to positions as mosque servants that carry with them pensions out of the mosque funds. Administrators of the funds manage to have a good percentage cling to their fingers; and the mosques are suffered to fall into dilapidation or are left in dim obscurity in the evening services because the vergers and higher precentors combine with the pastor (Imam) to divide the revenues or to sell the olive oil assigned to the mosque for sacred uses.

Another result of the system profoundly affects the influence of the spiritual suggestions of the Koran upon its followers. The concentration of attention upon self during worship ensures that the worshiper shall not be led by his religious exercises into growth in spirituality. He would forget the count or confuse the order, or mistake the posture belonging to each sentence, and

would so spoil the whole service, were he to permit his thoughts to rise in aspiration after God with the noble words which he utters. But on the other hand when the prescribed ritual has been accurately performed, the worshiper carries away an impression of perfect obedience to God which is as gratefully soothing to conscience in the Mohammedan as it is rare in the religious experience of the Christian.

It is due to the importance placed upon form that the Mohammedan teacher of ethics has not within the scope of his vision the fact that self-seeking and self-indulgence attack fundamental laws of existence and separate man from God as well as from his fellow men. Thus Islam has missed appreciation of righteousness as an irreducible element. Sin is no more than disobedience to a decree. Vice is made such by Divine command. When God chooses, His decree can make vice virtue, as in the offer to Muslims, as their reward in the future life, of things branded as sins in this world. The cloud of mist which thus obscures the nature of righteousness acts as a veil upon the heart of the Mohammedan. If he feels drawings toward improvement of his ideals and his conduct, his conscience is confirmed in a contented silence by three principles of his religion: First, God is too merciful to reject any believer for yielding to the impulses of his nature; Second, the moral law is too severe in its require-

ments for man to attempt to keep it.* and Third, ritual forms and observances constitute the obedience required of a Mohammedan by God. Far-seeing purpose to thwart the essential aim of Divine love could hardly more effectively have fortified the ground against influences which emanate from the Gospel of salvation and new-creation in Jesus Christ.

In the support to self-will given by these three points of doctrine are shown the radical opposition between Islam and Christianity, and the reason for the failure of Mohammedans to progress in lines of effort which make for prosperity and benefit the world. Illustrations swarm on every side to-day of the effect of these deeply rooted principles in destroying confidence and consideration between man and man just as history abounds with illustrations of their past action in the same direction wherever Mohammedanism has ruled. In fact the failure of Islam to conquer the world may be traced to those doctrines through the selfishness which bred faction when patiently unswerving submission to the collective interest was essential to success. Here centres the weakness of Islam. The man who is under dominion of these principles cannot deny himself

* The Koran says that in the beginning God proposed to all created things in turn that they try to keep His law. All in turn refused to be bound by it because it is too terribly stringent. But man was foolish enough to promise to keep the law and so fell under sin.

for the public good, any more than he can compete in practical affairs with men whose ideals score self-seeking as the lowest instead of the highest of motives. Here is the explanation of the battered old houses, the dilapidated steamers, and the squalid swarms of incompetent labourers found in this city until the skill of non-Mohammedans is brought in to supply their lacks.

Islam has truth glorious and convincing in its fundamental doctrine of one God, eternal, almighty and all-wise. It has truth also in its claim that this doctrine of God was the glory of Israel and the basis of the message of Jesus. But the power of this truth is constantly denied and opposed by its defence and even exaltation of self-seeking. Irresistibly the system brings to mind as a fit emblem the image of Nebuchadnezzar's vision, with head of gold and feet part of iron and part of miry clay.

Among Mohammedan thinkers in this city one often meets with telling admissions of the injury which may be expected from such ethics. They, as well as we, have observed that with the exaltation of self-seeking goes the sure companion of its ill-gotten gains,—indulgence of the animal appetites; and they, as well as we, know that from the days of Sodom down a people which has given itself over to license has prepared its own destruction. But they attribute these evils to the natural perversity of man, and look for a remedy in some method of repressing by force the tend-

encies which they are taught to believe cannot be reformed, or seek relief in the Buddhistic notion of so filling the mind with the perfections of God that room shall not be left for desiring any earthly good.

The Dervish orders, the Babis of Persia, and the Wahabis of Arabia have all wrestled with this question, and thousands still wrestle with it, sometimes reading the Christian Bible as an aid to feeling after God if haply they might find Him. But such men often patronizingly praise the godly and unblemished lives of pious Christians. They intimate that where so angelic a temperament exists its possessor will reach God's grace if he will only believe in Mohammed, so as to learn the need of ablutions and genuflections and all the rest. But when the Christian, moved by sympathy for such gropers after God would offer them the hand of help, he meets with a cold repulse. The repellent attitude is taken partly because the Mohammedan has to believe the assertion of the Koran that Christians are polytheists. But it is mainly due to the attack upon the Mohammedan idea of God which is made by the appeal of the Christian. The Christian call to repentance and change of the heart's desires implies that character is not fixed by the decrees of omnipotence, while the need of such a change cannot exist where God's gracious purpose is founded in limitless compassion. Overtures which seem to belittle the power and the

mercy of God can only be repelled with horror and wrath.

But the spectacle of pure and disinterested qualities seen in the daily life of Christians must ever be overwhelmingly impressive to Mohammedans because of their belief that predestination makes the development of a noble character impossible. If the confidence of Mohammedans is ever won by Christian sympathy to listen to the Christian gospel, it must be through observation of such qualities.

In a city like Constantinople, therefore, merchants and professional men are under special responsibility for their influence upon Muslims. And in a city like this too, the effect of consistent and Christian conduct is wider and more weighty than we are wont to think. The point in the character of a Western business man which always moves Muslims to astonishment and admiration is the consecration of a busy secular life to God with joyful acceptance of His will as necessarily man's best good.

There is where the effect of keeping a strong missionary force in this city will ultimately tell, although its efforts be directed to persuading Christians in name to be such in fact and in life. If the circle can be widened in the native churches of this city of those devout worshippers who shrink from wrong-doing as horrible in itself and as separating man from God, the spectacle will arouse among Mussulmans, first, interest, then

curiosity, and then inquiry. The whole secret of gaining the respect and approval of Mohammedans for Christianity is contained in the one phrase,—Show them Character. Christian character known through experience, will actually do what controversy cannot, what argument is powerless to accomplish and what mere exposition of doctrine will go far to prevent. For, as Bishop Westcott has said respecting the world in general, it is clear that for Muslims the proof of Christianity prepared of God, and appealing for its effective use to the consciences of all Christians who come in contact with them, is "a society truly Christian, that is filled with the Holy Spirit revealing Himself through righteousness and through love." Such a society it is the duty of the Christian church to use every means to build up as soon as possible at Constantinople.

III

THE WOMAN QUESTION

TURKISH ladies have a recognized artistic and ornamental value in pictures of Constantinople. The visitor to the city has numerous memories of these ladies met singly or in groups on the streets or the Bosphorus steamers. The white veiled heads, the balloon-like form of the silken drapery which hides every outline of the person, the high colour that distinguishes each individual, and the parasol which inevitably accompanies street dress, give a tone peculiar to itself to the city street. The visitor has memories, too, of fair faces made illusive by gauzy veils, or openly revealed to the bystander by sudden withdrawal of the veil which summer heat has made unendurable. But the reminiscence which clings to the memory as a part of the landscape itself is the closely packed mass of reds and yellows and blues and purples and browns where the ladies sit by the waterside upon a holiday. Happy the man who has not also some memory connected with such groups of a sudden onset of police, or of a battered and ruined hand-camera which has served as an object lesson on the folly

of curiosity concerning the details of the gorgeous blotches of colour which stand for Turkish women in the distant view.

Furtive glances from passing men are not resented. At most they lead the ladies to screen their beauty with their parasols, as fair Spaniards do with their fans. Loitering steps and deliberate interest, only, violate the proprieties and bring upon the inconsiderate spectator sharp reminder of his fault. In fact the purpose of the ladies in forming these great masses on the banks of Geuk Sou or by the shore of the Bosphorus, is to secure the protection of numbers while they watch the passing crowds of men.

I found myself once in a vast crowd assembled to see the Sultan pass in Stamboul. By the side of the street was a low terrace upon whose safe isolation a thousand or so of Turkish women had placed themselves upon the ground in close array. An eddy of the throng in the street carried me close to this terrace of the women. There was a rustle of silken drapery behind me and some deft hand pushed my straw hat down upon my nose. Still struggling on I restored the hat to its proper place but instantly another touch upon its stiff brim behind sent it over my face again. Smiling at what seemed to be an odd bit of playfulness, I turned to look at my tormentor. But a broad expanse of parasols covered every woman. The turning of my head, however, gave one of the ladies in front of my path her opportunity,

and my hat went down over my right ear. It was vain to look in that direction. Solemn umbrellas covered the whole front line. Only the more distant ranks of ladies were visible, and as my hat again popped over my eyes, under a more vigourous impulse from behind, these distant ladies were shaking with laughter. Discretion was the better part of valour in that great streetful of Turks, and I elbowed a desperate retreat into the centre of the crowd, out of reach of those fair and playful hands. When sure that I was out of reach, the umbrellas were raised, and the whole line of ladies were giggling over the discomfiture of their victim. The little adventure showed that Turkish ladies are human enough to enjoy a practical joke.

But the thing most noteworthy to me was the fact that those women were not the school children whom one might expect to engage in such a prank, but demure wives and matrons. Their frank, child-like enjoyment of their successful attack upon a man and a foreigner was characteristic; for before everything else Turkish women are childish in tastes and thoughts and feelings. Children, however, are the most hide-bound of conservatives. Their turbulent resistance to changes of family customs which touch their rights, their determined opposition to new articles of food, and their clinging affection for the most ancient of their battered dolls are merely ex-

pressions of their political principles. Turkish women follow children also in this trait. They are conservative of all that they have known in the way of custom, and they resist with a bitter resistance all that is new and untried. This blind and childish opposition to the new and equally childish devotion to what is old, is one chief element of the Woman Question in Turkey.

In that passage of the book of Genesis which relates the hopeless corruption of mankind, a cause of this corruption is stated to be that "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." This curious passage has been cited to support arguments that when the sons of Adam were turned loose in that most conservative of continents, it was the fair daughters of pre-existing Asiatics who wrought their downfall. However this may be, the historic fact remains that whenever a nobler and sturdier type of manhood has tried to establish itself upon that continent, Asia has relied upon her women to crush the attempt. The story of the Amazons withstanding Hellenic civilization is not altogether a myth. Israel's experience at Baal Peor is but one incident of a series. Not that Balaams arise to offer curses definite and direct or policies which shall insidiously blight the new hope. Schemes of improvement or reform as well as the sacred principles of their champions are automatically overcome in the homes of the people.

Women in Asia have always furnished both the initiative and the ingenious store of means for obstructing anything like progress. Turkey is no exception to this rule.

Another element of the Woman Question at Constantinople opens with discussion of the object of the existence of woman.

An eminent American Professor, in an after-dinner chat once told of a recent experience of his with a young lady of archæological tastes. She was pursuing her fad in Athens. She pervaded an entire room of the Museum there. All the staff of the establishment had to wait upon her because she was an American, a woman, and an "archæologist." She was about to take a "squeeze" of an inscription there. So momentous an event, which she evidently thought would fix her renown on the loftiest pinnacles of fame, required not only her own graceful efforts during the best part of a forenoon, but absorbed the time and attention of several scientists including probably our professor. One had to hold the sponge, one the basin of water, one the duster, one the brush, one the sheets of paper. The rest of the force afforded the necessary moral support.

When the work was done and the pervasive presence was eliminated from the museum, the assembled gentlemen looked at one another in a foolish way and retired to their respective tasks, questioning the real acquisition to science represented by American girls who study

archæology. And the learned professor made the following reflections upon the general subject: "The girl scientist throws all the enthusiasm of an emotional nature into the first tottering steps toward original work. She makes an end of what is only the means, and clamours for applause of her attainments. Not receiving it in the expected degree she gets some man to explain what she lacks, and plunges madly into another stage of progress. By this time she is tired out and near to nervous prostration. Then she suddenly becomes engaged to be married and drops the whole business. At last she has found her vocation in life!"

Curiously enough the learned Professor from America gave a view of woman in principle much like that which any moderately civilized Oriental would give; woman is a creature whom it does not pay to educate highly because the end of her existence so far as usefulness to the world is concerned is the same whether she is educated or not; she marries. So the Turk has invented a proverb for fathers which dismisses such problems, and which until very recently was a history as well as an apothegm. "Either marry off your daughter at sixteen or bury her."

The subject of the qualities and the condition of womankind in Turkey is complex and not easily grasped. The best that can be done is to group together a few pictures from three points of view—that of the man as an individual, of

the man as organized in society, making laws for woman, and that of the woman revealing herself by her words and her acts.

The Oriental, be he Muslim or Christian, has a very high appreciation for beauty. The Turk of the city will say that the distinguishing charm of the women is their clear complexion, the satin-like texture of their skin, and their black eyes large and limpid like the fish-pools of Heshbon, with mysterious depths which promise untold happiness to him on whom they turn in love. No heavy work ever gives harshness to the curves of the city bred girl's form, and the sun is never given opportunity to mar the natural perfection of the skin.

The Turk also shows considerable respect to women. The bearing of a burly soldier in the street when an angry woman attacks him is to the point. For centuries the same titles of honour were given to women as to men. Years ago the title used to be *Agha,* which means lord. Old Tamerlane the Turkish freebooter who captured the Sultan Bajazet and nearly upset the Turkish Empire in the fourteenth century, had for his wife one Toumar Agha. Later on, men of the commonest class aspired to use this title, and its use by women came to an end. But women were then called Beg, or Bey, a title still used like Agha by men, but meaning Prince rather than Lord. As applied to women it was in the form *Beyim* or *Begim,* which means my prince.

This use of the word persists in India in the form *Begum* as a title of ladies of high rank. When the title Bey also was vulgarized by being seized by all classes of men, a still higher title *Khanum,* my Sovereign, was applied to the women and is in use to-day as Westerns would use Madam. Only it follows instead of preceding the name of the woman. As to the word *Efendim* (my lord), used as we use "Sir," it is applied in address to men and women alike. The Turk insists upon these points as proof of his deep respect for his womankind.

In expressing his emotions an Oriental uses the same laudation of the beloved one as is found in the most advanced nations. This may be judged from a single example of a love-song:

LOVE SONG, BY RIFAAT BEY

Your smile awakes my smile, my joy completing;
Your love, my love; still warmer love entreating.
Your hand controls my heart—except its beating;
Your love, my love, still warmer love entreating.

Your locks' sweet tanglement for aye has bound me.
For tryst with you, you meet this day have found me
And ended isolation's sway around me,
Your love, my love, still warmer love entreating.

O fairy none can match! my winsome maiden!
Your arms alone are bonds which cannot sadden;
Your beauty sunlight is to me with healing laden;
Your love, my love, still warmer love entreating.

But when we seek to know the mature judgment of men who have experienced life, they give their frank opinion that women have no

wits, and that they have so much innate depravity as to make their education a sin, and a danger to the community. The views of Yusuf Bey, a learned Turk whom I chanced to meet on a journey in Turkey, I will give as nearly as possible in his own words:

"They say," said Yusuf Bey, "that European women have mind."

"Yes, our women have mind and sometimes a good deal of it."

"All right. But in this country women have no mind; and until I see it I cannot believe that in any country they have more than an old hen. Every young man expects that he at least, will find a woman who has sense; but in the end he has to sit, like the cat of a cook shop, and satisfy himself with expecting."

We now overtook a herd of buffaloes driven by a stalwart Turk and his two wives. The horny-handed, hard-featured women were fulfilling the object for which they were created by bearing on their backs the household goods of the trio.

"There!" said the Bey, "look at the faces of those women and tell me if they have anything which can be called mind!"

"Perhaps they would have been different if they had been born after the Sultan began to open schools for your girls."

"You know nothing about women; you who live where the people are few and where women

have at least been taught conscience. In great countries like this, where many women get into every house, they are the curse of life! May they get their deserts!"

"But you must have women to take care of your houses."

"A wife is a remedy for some diseases, and like amputation in surgery, the remedy is generally worse than the disease."

"Ah, I see! You are a bachelor. Try married life and you will see how a wife will brighten your house."

"A bachelor is a king; but a married man—ugh! Perhaps women in your country are more able to take care of the houses; if so, would that I had known it before I was born into such a land as this! The worst of it is that I knew all about the troubles of married life before I was married; who does not who has had a father and mother. But an old uncle of mine once told me that if I would seek out a wife who had nothing, she would be grateful to me and give me no trouble. So I looked about until I came across a good looking girl whose possessions were those of a new born babe; she had not a rag to her back. I married her; and just as soon as I had given her clothes to cover herself, she began to ask for more. It has been ask, ask, ask, ever since. She wants new clothes; she wants rich food; she wants jewelry; she wants everything and keeps up the cry all the time. I

explain to her that this Government of ours gives me only three months' pay in a year and I try to make her understand that I am not a magician to make money out of straw. But her only answer is 'I want it.' And when I tell her that if she can't understand reason she can at least be still, she just gathers up her children into the corner of the sofa and cries because they might as well have no father! I wanted a wife who would be quiet and get my shoes, and light my pipe, and then keep out of the way, as a wife should, until she is called. But I have got a wife who is like a slave-driver. My house is like a judgment hall every minute. I have to live in the coffee-shop; I leave my house at daybreak and go back for my dinner at dark!"

Another characteristic of the view of woman taken by the Oriental man is that she is regarded like property to be disposed of when she is left a burden on the hands of a man. In some country districts the Armenian Christians even, have the custom of selling their daughters in marriage. The money paid by the bridegroom is not at all a present or a token of friendship to the family of the girl. The sum to be paid is a matter of regular bargain. The father reckons the worth of each girl just as he reckons the value of the donkey in his stable. Her price is much or little according as she is capable of doing much or little work. The daughter of a widow brings more than other girls because the suitor judges

that she has had more hard work to do at home. The bargaining is long and tedious, but if the suitor refuses to pay the upset price he is shown the door at once.

Naturally parents who regard their daughters in this light are not anxious to have them educated. The father who has set his heart on getting a thousand piastres for a particular daughter knows that the more she resembles a beast of burden in her capabilities the more sure he is of securing the price at which he has rated her.

This curious readiness to confuse free women with slaves must be taken into account in reckoning up the various facts which make up the Woman Question in Turkey. I asked my friend Yusuf Bey about the reputed influence of the Mohammedan harem system upon the quality of officials in that country. He then told me the following story:

"Some ten years ago a candle-maker in this city who worked in a greasy little shop near Yemish, found a woman who was a widow with a chance of remarriage. The obstacle to her new venture in matrimony was her daughter, a pretty little child of six or seven years. The candle-maker Ahmed Agha bought the little girl of her mother for fifty pounds and the mother flew to her second husband's house.

"Ahmed Agha was a man of shrewd prudence and had a definite plan for making this invest-

ment pay good interest. He took little Sabiye home to his poor little house in Sari Guzel and handed her over to his wife. Her name was changed to Gulsum,* but she was treated like a daughter. The child helped the woman in the kitchen, she brought wood and carried water, she ran errands and played with the other children of the quarter, and for a certain part of the day she went to the parish school.

As Gulsum grew she was fond of her studies and she grew fond of her kind foster parents, and they were delighted to see her growing more and more pretty. Ahmed Agha felt sure that his fifty pounds was a good investment. What more natural than that he should wish her to have every advantage.

There was a Roman Catholic nunnery in Pera where he learned that girls were taught many useful things without charge. Ahmed Agha took her to the nuns and asked them to receive her as a free boarder, which they consented to do on condition that she should stay at least four years going home only once in each year during that time. Ahmed agreed to these rather hard terms, saying he had learned to admire the work of the French sisters in the education of women, and that he wished his daughter to have all the accomplishments of a French lady of refinement.

* Free women in Turkey have as a rule Arabic names. Slaves have names given them by their owners which are generally Turkish or Persian.

At the end of four years, Gulsum, a most beautiful girl of seventeen, could read, write and speak French; could embroider and could play the piano fairly well. Then she went back with many tears to the candle-maker's little house in Sari Guzel where there were no books, no music and no French-speaking girls of her own age. It was a bitter experience.

One day Ahmed Agha had a plain talk with Gulsum. He admitted that she was educated above her station, but he said: "All that you have you owe to me. I rescued you as an orphan, I made you like a daughter, I gave you this education. I am now going to take you to a very great house where you will have everything that you can want. But you must not forget us and your obligation to me for all that you enjoy."

"The next day he took Gulsum to the palace of the Sultan's mother, to whom he presented the girl as a token of the loyal devotion of a humble subject of his Majesty. The Sultan's mother looked at the girl, heard her play the piano and deigned to accept the gift. And a week later she sent Ahmed Agha a fine silver snuff box full of gold coins. Gulsum was in demand evening after evening to sing, to play Chopin or Beethoven, and to amuse the ladies of the Court with her sprightly wit. Finally a day came when the Sultan visited his mother, and saw this brilliant slave who had the graces of a European with the advantage of ability to speak choice

Turkish. His Majesty was pleased, his Majesty's mother presented the slave to him as a token of a mother's affection, and Gulsum's fortune was made.

"Again one day Ahmed Agha called at the Palace as the father of the new favourite. He was allowed to see her and before he left he had reminded her that she owed her wealth and power to him, and that he was poor. The next week Ahmed Agha the candle-maker, received a diploma as Doctor of Theology and Professor of a grade to which a life-salary is attached."

"That," said Yusuf Bey bitterly, "is the connection between the harem system and the quality of our great men. The officials, from the highest to the lowest, will give any man any vacant office within their gift, at the demand of their women. If any one hesitates, a few tears will settle it. So we have men among the Professors who know nothing. Debased teachers mean debasement of the taught, and moreover the rally of all these low fellows against the educated men who comment or speak of reform."

The impression of woman in Turkey derived from the restrictions which society—that is to say, men as an organic body—puts upon her does not at all relieve the impression of her position derived from her treatment by individuals.

In the city there is a marked difference between Christian women and Muslim women in point of freedom of action. This difference is less in the

country. Islam has ruled so long as to influence its Christian subjects in many directions and particularly in the view of womankind taken by the people at large.

Among Muslims, women are kept in seclusion. The woman exists for the sake of the man alone. The man believes her to be of scant sense and of less honesty of purpose. To restrain her evil tendencies therefore he encloses her within lattices and throws such barriers about the house as he can devise. Public opinion requires this. It is not a precept of religion as is sometimes supposed. Public opinion also requires the man of the house to alleviate the seclusion of the wife by letting her go on the streets whenever she chooses to get other women to go with her.

At home she is supplied with ornaments in profusion, and with all the cosmetics she wishes for increasing her attractions. With this she is expected to be satisfied. The choice of servants and the management of household expenses rest with the husband. Even his wife's dresses he selects himself if he wishes to be particularly attentive. What he selects the wife must wear out of compliment to her husband's taste and there is never any question of fit. The several wives in a multiple household call each other "Partner" and they generally try to conceal any jealousies which might disgust the husband. In fact with the wife everything bends to her need to win and keep the favour of the husband. Even

when she grows old she does not despair, but sends to Mecca for a plant called *Sergui* which she boils to make a tea that shall cause her to look twenty or thirty years younger than she is.

The laws of society respecting courtship and marriage heighten this impression. As to courtship in Turkey neither Muslims nor Christians permit anything of the sort. Turkish dictionaries define "flirtation" as "a species of disreputable conduct sometimes practiced by young women." The police have been set upon women in Constantinople more than once to prevent their appearance in thin veils or to force them to abandon drives in their carriages in case they are detected in exchange of glances with young gentlemen on the streets.

Among both Muslims and Christians a young man would be deemed to have disgraced himself who should speak to a young woman about love. The whole theory of the place of woman in society is unhealthy and opposed to the dignity of womanhood. The ceremonies attending marriage reveal the same fact. The bridegroom may attend the marriage ceremony if he wishes; the bride, never. The actual marriage is merely the signing of a contract that fixes the dowry and the alimony in case of divorce. It is signed by the legal representatives of the couple and is binding as though they themselves had been present. But the law permits the representative of the bride to declare that she assents even though

she has refused to answer, and even in some circumstances though she has objected to the match. As if to cap the climax of society's degrading view of woman the Mohammedan law provides that the husband must discipline his wife for bad conduct, and must see that she says her prayers at proper intervals. For this purpose he is instructed to give his wife not less than three nor more than thirty lashes for each offence. Clearly society regards woman as a mere animal to be disposed of at will within certain limits. The more closely she can be led to follow merely animal instincts, the less she will perplex men by the problem of her control. The argument which led to the prohibition of the admission of women doctors to practice in Turkey was "If women doctors are allowed, they will enter the harems, first the American Republican and then the Russian Nihilist. Then where will our peace be?"

Woman, thus degraded, applies herself to development as a mere animal. It is a revenge of which she has no means of knowing the measure. Ideas of the place which women in Turkey claim for themselves can be gained in a fragmentary way from their words and acts. Fatima Aliye Khanum, the one Turkish woman whose name as a writer has been heard outside the Empire, gently boasts of the position of Mohammedan women at Constantinople:

"We do not mix in the society of the men," says she, "but then they do not mix in our

society, and the loss is entirely on their side. Women have as much liberty to move about as the men. Woman is treated by all men with respect, for when she speaks to a man in a public place, he does not raise his eyes from the ground. Her property is her own. A husband labours to make a fortune, a wife labours to spend it only. The wife shares the dignity of her husband and with far more splendour of ostentation. The woman of high rank is courted by women of low degree because she absolutely controls the patronage belonging to the official position of her husband. But chiefly marriages with us are happy because the wife knows when her husband is out of her sight, that, whatever he may be doing, the seclusion of women makes it certain that at least he is not bowing and smiling at other women."

This lady has wide fame in Turkey as a writer of novels on Turkish family life. The pictures of the sorrows of Turkish women which might be culled from her novels surpass anything in that line that have come under my notice in real life. She has written a book also in defence of polygamy which has some controversial value. The picture which she gives in the paragraph just quoted carries an impression not unpleasing of the position of her sex in Constantinople. But at least three of the points which she puts forward need to be emphasized in order to appreciate the position of the Turkish woman. First will be no-

ticed approval of that peculiarly degrading view of woman which forces a man to feel that he is compromising himself in speaking to a woman in public; so that he becomes a pitiable object, red in the face, shifty in bearing, and afraid even to look at her lest some one give his name to the gossips because this woman asked him the way to the Bridge. Second, Aliye Khanum points out as a matter of boasting the absence of community of interest between husband and wife. The wife's interest in her husband's affairs is merely to get the most out of him for herself that she can induce him to give. And third we cannot overlook the statement that sees not whereto the admission leads respecting the control of women over the public influence of their husbands. This is a phase of the Woman Question to which attention will shortly be given.

The father of this lady during his lifetime was a well-known Pasha, a Minister of the Government, and a writer of renown. Yet the reason why this well-bred lady rejoices in the blessings of the Turkish woman's life is that she has no inkling of what others understand by "home" and no idea of the position given to woman in countries where they are shown true respect.

The languages of Turkey belong to the class which possess no word for "home." An explanation appears in the merest sketch plan of a Turkish house. The family is divided, the women living their whole existence apart from

the men. When any man living in a house wishes to pass through a hall or a staircase where women other than his wife or blood relations may chance to be, he has to shout, "Clear the way!" before he shows himself. One sometimes wonders on learning how readily the Turkish courts lay injunctions upon the building of a house, in case a neighbour objects that its windows overlook his garden. One of the marvels of the city is the height—sometimes fifty or sixty feet—of garden walls, where the garden lies in a valley and hills half a mile away are covered with houses. An English merchant in Constantinople bought a house on a hillside a few years ago. Instantly the Turk who owned the next house on the slope below elevated on his garden wall a wooden screen twenty feet high and seventy-five feet long. The hideous structure quite ruined the view from the Englishman's windows. Wonder at such facts ceases on noticing in the garden of a Turk one of his ladies picking roses barefoot, the legs bare to the knee, and the upper garment open to the waist. During the whole time that the women are occupied with household duties, they wear their night-clothes only, presenting a spectacle of unkempt carelessness which would scare any self-respecting man from the place even if custom did not send him from the house at the earliest possible hour.

It should not be supposed, however, that ladies of rich families who have plenty of servants make

themselves quite such guys in the hours before custom requires them to dress for the afternoon. But the circumstance that they may wander about the premises unprepared for observation of others, is what makes the Turk fortify his house against outside eyes by truly ingenious contrivances. When they are dressed, Turkish ladies are richly dressed. In the street what one sees is a voluminous silken sheet thrown over the head and falling to the feet. This gives the woman the form of an inflated pillow tied in the middle with a string. But, in Constantinople at least, the lady after she has entered the house and has thrown off her outer shell is quite a different creature. True she sometimes still inclines to wear her hair cut straight across at the nape of the neck. She loves big figures and startling colour schemes in her dress. She has not yet found her taste oppressed by the jostling of scarlet and magenta which she uses in the same costume. But in the main her dress is cut after Western patterns when at last she dresses herself for the social functions of the afternoon.

But neither the tardy dressing, nor the social function which is like a Western Woman's Club, nor the house that she lives in makes a home for the woman of Constantinople. A wealthy Turk's best house is commonly a showy palace on the Bosphorus. Its front, after the fashion of Venetian palaces, is lapped by the water of the sea. Behind it delicious groves and brilliant gardens

rise terrace on terrace in magnificent spaciousness. Both land and placid sea promise sweet content to all who enjoy the privileges of the place. To the men, so long as they pursue their separate pleasure in their part of the premises, the promise may be fulfilled. But rarely to the women. In one such house of which I know, there are sixty women. Place as wife or favourite or servant is assigned to each. Each has abundant food and clothing, with jewels and other adornments befitting her special station. The great rooms of the house are divided among the women according to their rank. Housekeeping arrangements and responsibilities rest upon servants alone. The ladies have time enough on their hands to make the finding of ways to get rid of it a tax upon their ingenuity. Books, papers, pictures there are not. Musical instruments there are, singers there are, and one can kill time with these for a while. One can dress oneself up in new costumes, and admire the effect in splendid mirrors, and then undress and don some new combination of costly robes. But this disposes of but an hour or two. One may lounge by the window and watch passing steamers and sailing vessels and fishing craft and caiques, and wonder how much Bessim Bey paid for his new boat, and note the handsome boatmen that Nazli Khanum has picked up somewhere. If a steamer passes very near the shore, the distress of the caiques thrashed about in its wake gives momen-

tary excitement. But the wish for power to make the long days go faster—the longing for something to do, is the burden of life to every lady in that house. Quarreling with the other ladies is the sure recourse under such circumstances. When a quarrel begins it may last for days and develop into a feud that ranges the whole household—mistress or maid—in factions.

Another diversion which makes time fly is the advent of the master of the house. He is a noble looking gray-bearded man who has a past but not much future. He spends most of his time on the other side of the high stone wall which separates the house of the men from that of the women. Announcement of his arrival makes a wild flurry of excitement. There is a general rush to provide for his entertainment. There is visible expectancy of being permitted to receive him or at least of being called to hear a kind word from him. And then there is the bitter, inconsolable disappointment of the unlucky ones. But all these emotions serve after all to cause the time to pass.

One of the ladies in this house has a daughter, who is petted like a princess by the retainers of the mother, and snarled at and jeered at by all the other factions. This young lady used to have an English governess, and took lessons in language and music whenever she could be persuaded to do so. One of the first duties laid upon the governess was that of keeping watch with others to

see that the child did not eat anything from the hands of certain women who were pointed out to her. They belonged to the faction of a rival wife and the danger was that the little girl might be poisoned through spite.

When the governess used her rare permission to go out for a few hours, servants from the house dogged her steps following her through long miles and persistently hanging about the street corners when she stopped. At the house on her return she was always expected to explain every item of the observation of the spies. "Why did you go to that house? Who lives there? Are there any men there? What took you to the Post Office? To whom did you write? Why do you write letters to people? What did you pay for that cloth that you bought in Pera?" Such questions made the Englishwoman more than once incline to forfeit the bond which she had given to stay in that place a year. But the inquisition to which she was subjected was as nothing compared with that applied to the ladies of the family when they went abroad with their retinue. Suspicion is the rule of the life in Constantinople, and oddly enough it is rarely resented. When a lady of the family went out, even though she were the favourite wife, the women to go with her were chosen for her. There was always sure to be one personal enemy among the number. In no other way could the family be sure that the lady's doings would be fully reported. The sharp and

searching cross examination on her return was humiliating to the last degree. Perhaps a reason begins to appear why there is no word for "home" in the Turkish language.

Danger always exists, in treating such a complex subject, of giving an impression out of which unfair generalizations spring in the mind of the readers. While such a description as that just given of the environment of the Turkish woman at home is a fair average view, exceptions abound. I never saw anywhere a better illustration of a happy home life than a glimpse it was once my fortune to have of a Turkish gentleman's home life in Constantinople. The surroundings were characteristic. The room was wide and long. Around the sides were brilliantly upholstered chairs and highly decorative tables bearing gay vases of artificial flowers, marvellous French clocks and the like. But all these appurtenances of state were neglected. On the floor in the midst of the room was a low stand bearing a large lamp and near this stand were arranged pillows and cushions. Comfortably resting on these cushions sat the gentleman of the house robed in a loose and flowing gown. He was reading aloud to his wife, a thoroughly intelligent woman to whom he turned now and then for comment and discussion of what he read. There was mutual understanding, there was wide-awake intelligence, and more than all there was the unmistakable confidence of affection in that picture.

Two or three times it has been my fortune in calling upon European ladies in Constantinople to learn that Turkish women were visiting them and later to be asked to meet the visitors, who wished to speak on some matter of business. In each case on entering the room where they were the Turkish ladies were closely veiled, as custom requires them to be when in the presence of men. But in each case, after a short preliminary scrutiny during the opening phrases of conversation, the ladies removed and laid aside their veils and still preserved their poise and dignity. The act was the most delicate form possible of courteously expressing confidence in the man with whom they were talking. The effect was the more startling since they could not by any manner of means have been led to unveil in the presence of a Turk who was not of their own family. Such exceptions to general rules must be held in mind and given full weight while noting less agreeable exhibitions of the Turkish woman's character and attainments.

One morning the wife of a Mohammedan neighbour of ours came out of her door dressed for the street in silk cloak and well laundered white veil. Another woman in a latticed window called to her:

"Good morning Lefter Khanum, how are you doing?"

"Glory to God."

"Where are you going?"

"If God please I shall go to town to-day."

"May God keep you. Are you going to stay long?"

"I have not intended to stay, but if God wills, I may stay to-night."

"God give you safety. God give you peace."

This little exchange of civilities made a pleasing impression. But an evening or two later the whole neighbourhood rang with the shrill voice of this pious woman berating her husband, who could not match her in vituperation. She called him a bear and a dog and a hog, and finally screamed out "Misbeliever, go to the bottom of hell!" Even after he had fled from the house the woman hurled foul epithets after him in the wild fierceness of her wrath. The violence of the language of the Turkish woman is proverbial.

I was walking in Stamboul one afternoon when I accidentally called out a sample of woman's prowess in this direction. One of the slouching coarse haired street dogs saw a piece of bread come rolling along the cobble-stones, and sprang to pick up the windfall. He was in the very act of grasping it when a black and white cat who had been sunning herself on a doorstep was by the dog's nose at one spring. She struck out wildly with her fore-paws and as the astonished dog winced under the sharp stab of her claws, and shrank back to measure the quality of so painful an attack, the cat seized the bread and sprang back to her doorstep. There she stood

with arched back and enlarged tail, offering the dog more of the same kind of scratches if he wished to dispute her possession. The dog sneaked away after a single whining bark of protest. The proceeding was so amusing that I looked with an instinctive fellowship at the other witnesses to this victory of the cat. These were two white veiled women. My smiling eyes had no sooner encountered the black and lustrous eyes of the lady than she cried out "Fellow, what are you looking at? Keep your eyes to yourself, you infidel hog. He looks at my face! May his eyes become blind and his mother become infamous! The dog and the son of a dog! May a Russian infidel dishonour his household of swinish brats!"

The violence of the words was really less expressive of passion than the vehemence of their flow; and two or three men in the neighbouring coffee shop began to look at me as a plotter against the morals of the community unveiled to the light of day. Without power to resist or reply I decamped at once and as I passed the black and white cat sunning herself calmly in the doorway, as though ignoring her own position as the cause of all this trouble, I could not help reflecting that in the eyes of the beast and of the men of the coffee shop, I was in the same position as the slouching dog whose self-complacency had been annihilated by this same unassuming cat. One curious trait revealed by women in Con-

stantinople who know the power of their tongues is that they sometimes hire themselves out as experts in vituperation to gain for others what could be gained in no other way.

After the ceremonies of a great Muslim festival in Constantinople the Minister of Finance was deep in pleasant converse with some visitors at his official residence when a huge crowd of women invaded the street clamouring for money to buy bread. The Ministry was beset on all sides, and the clamour was of a kind which always strikes terror to the Muslim official's heart. The women shouted "They have paid no salaries for months and our children are in actual starvation." The police could do nothing with this soft and high-voiced mob. Soldiers were useless as a means of control; for no Turkish soldier dares to raise his hand against a Turkish woman. Moreover, the slippers of a dozen women, or even their blood-curdling yells will cause a regiment to flee. So the poor Minister, gold lace, tinkling medals, sword, and all, had to beat a precipitate retreat by servants' staircases and unobtrusive back-doors. Only thus could be save himself from those haggard-eyed women.

The incident loses some of its pathos in view of the circumstance that the mob was largely made up of professionals hired to make a disturbance. When officials are in need of cash and salaries are delayed, the officials sometimes be-

take themselves to the professional collectors, who are women, and who receive a small percentage on the fruits of these extreme measures. The women herd together in mobs to cry in public, watering the pavements with their tears and deluging the palace officials with statements of their wretched condition, until the thing becomes a scandal. Then an Imperial order issues for some small payment of salaries. At the appointed time these women armed with the necessary powers occupy the corridors of the Ministry and repulse every unhappy male creature who attempts to get his pay, until they have drawn the last penny which they can extract from the hard-hearted cashiers.

It has been hinted that the Mohammedan women are quite religious. They are one of the strong bulwarks of Islam; keeping their husbands to religious duty by talking all over the city of any laxness in practice or remissness in faith on the part of their men. But this does not imply any deep convictions. The prevalent idea respecting religious exercises is that along with various other forms of words they are useful to ward off ill-luck. The women generally are under the sway of superstitions of ancient paganism, looking at worship as a means of placating evil spirits. No one has thought it worth while to free them from belief in demons and local genii and fairies and the evil eye.

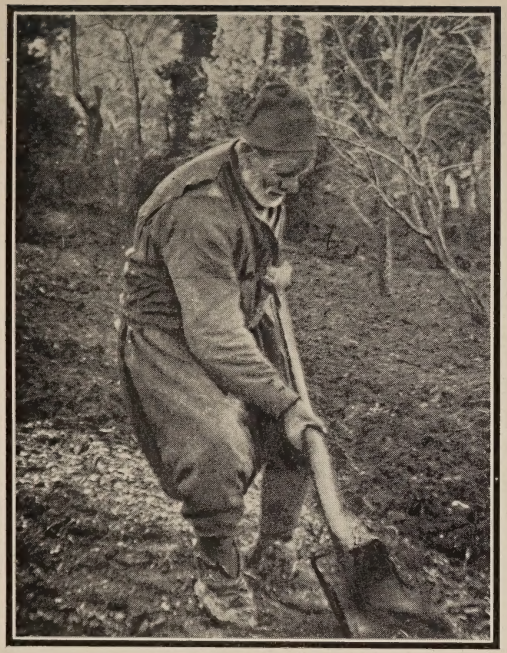
A European lady desiring to be friendly with

a Mohammedan woman will sometimes speak of the beauty of the little child tugging at its mother's skirts. It is a most terrible mistake and is regarded as almost an act of enmity. Its dire consequences can only be averted by spitting in the child's face at once so as to imply to the watchful demons of the house that the child is not highly valued. If a child is sick, the mother will not call a doctor, but will seek some old man or old woman who knows what to recite over it in order to counteract evil influences. Or she will go herself to the tomb of some saint, or to the holy resort of Muslim, Christian, or Jewish neighbours, and there mutter formulas of prayer that promise effective results.

On the top of one of the hills of the Bosphorus which overlooks the Black Sea is a very ancient tomb some forty feet long. Tradition makes it the tomb of Bebryces, King of Bythinia, who was killed in a boxing bout by Castor and Pollux at the time of the Argonautic Expedition after the Golden Fleece. With characteristic willingness to take possession of good things—"even though found in China" the Turks have adopted this grave as a shrine. A tablet in the mosque which they have erected at this place says that the tomb is that of Joshua the son of Nun, "Who defeated the Romans with great slaughter by the power of God, and if any doubts let him read the sacred books of the Christians." The wire netting which surrounds the head of this tomb is

covered with small bits of rag tied into the wire by Turkish women who have painfully toiled up that great hill in order to present at that tomb some dire need which they hope to keep in the memory of the spirits of the place by the bit of rag tied on the wire in a secure knot. Mohammedans believe that the events of every life are foreseen from eternity and are written on the "Reserved Tablets" laid up under the Throne of God. Yet their women maintain the gypsies who foretell the coming storm or sunshine of life from a bag of beans. It is upon the women that those dervishes rely who make a fat living out of their reputed ability to cure the sick by a touch, or to compound a philter for any emergency which will secure the desired result especially if accompanied by a charm written with ink in which ambergris is an ingredient.

A few years ago one of these dervishes discovered a new method of wider influence in making his wife a member of the dervish order and advancing her to as high a rank as himself. From that moment his fortune was made. The man in a room full of men, and the wife in a room full of women, exercised the gift of healing by reciting intricate formulas over the heads of patients, and by blowing in their faces. A single breath from one of these workers of magic was held to be worth a whole drug store full of mere medicine, and the pair received two or three hundred dollars at a sitting. Even Armenian and



"THE MAN WITH THE HOE"
Turkish Version

TURKISH WOMEN AND FORTUNE TELLER

Greek women came in numbers to partake of the benefits of this combination, and swell its revenues.

It is the women of the country who hold to such remedies for the nervous fears of childhood as this: The cause of the fear is that a demon has secretly shown himself to the child. The remedy is to take a bullet which has been fired from a gun, to melt it, and to pour the melted lead into a basin of water in which the child has been washed after being prepared by reciting over it appropriate verses of Scripture. The lead must be poured out in three portions, and then the remnant poured into the water will assume the form and appearance of the offending demon. If the lead last poured into the water is carefully preserved and hung about the neck of the child, the demon will recognize his likeness and fearing to be interfered with now that he is found out, he will show himself no more in the neighbourhood of the child. It is the women, too, who insist at the time of a conflagration, that after the fire is extinguished a sheep must be killed and its blood mixed with the water of the fire-engine so that it may be thrown " for good luck " over the house at which the fire was stayed. The men may or may not believe in these follies, but they are as wax in the hands of the wives, who always find means to bring them to assist in the most heathenish incantations.

Another element of this Woman Question is this. The women, notwithstanding all this ignorance and unfitness to guide others, hold ultimate sway over the conduct of the men. The tangled intrigues for place and power which centre in the harem form the key to many vicissitudes of Turkish history.

In the reign of Sultan Mohammed IV., Turkey became involved in war with Poland as a result of a war of the Harem. One of the Sultan's wives was jealous of the influence of the Sultan's mother. To secure the downfall of that lady, the wife thought it a small thing to invite the King of Poland to invade Turkey which seemed unprepared for war, to stain vast regions with blood, and to hope that the army upon the first defeat would depose the Sultan, her own husband. In order to carry out this precious scheme the woman had first made the Grand Vezir her devoted slave. But the Sultan unexpectedly defeated the Polish army in battle, captured the treasonable correspondence of his wife and unearthed the whole plot. So the Sultan's mother had the grim pleasure of seeing the head of her rival carried out of the palace in the same basket with those of the Grand Vezir and the other conspirators.

Sultan Ahmed I. picked up a Greek girl somewhere, named Kiusen. She was not beautiful, but she ruled the Sultan by her bright and pleasing wit. Kiusen, after securing the aid of a

man whom she caused to be appointed Grand Vezir in reward for his services, devoted her life to the advancement of her sons to the throne of Turkey in place of older princes, the children of less keen-witted wives. She succeeded in making and unmaking Sultans as well as Prime Ministers, and at last, when in the seventieth year of her age she was strangled in order to end her jealous intrigues, she had ruled the Empire through the reign of four successive Sultans—her husband, her two sons, and her grandson—while her quarrels with the mother of the last of these four had brought the Turkish Empire to the verge of disruption and had destroyed several of its ablest statesmen. One cannot but feel sympathy with the feeling that gives to such women their power on reading the reply of Sultan Abd ul Mejid, the father of the present Sultan Abd ul Hamid, to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe when that great Ambassador hinted that a little less subservience on the part of the Sovereign to the wishes of the Sultan's mother would be advantageous to Turkey. Said the Sultan: "I have a thousand servants and wives and dependents and grovelling courtiers in my palace, but I have only one true friend; and that is my mother."

The Woman Question in Turkey then, is the question of changing the character and the direction of the influence of the women of the country—a class in all essentials of different aim

and interest from the men, in mental power far less cultured than the men, in religion still dominated by heathen notions which have lost their hold on the men, in knowledge centuries behind standards attained by the best of the men—a class, even to some extent among the Christians of the country, still walled in against influences from outside, and yet having in their hands control of the nation during its early years, as well as the ultimate direction of the acts and the consciences of the men through the same means by which women everywhere influence the conduct and aspirations of their husbands. Ignorance, superstition and crude selfishness have their citadel of refuge in Turkey among the women, and this citadel is well nigh cut off from approach. Yet if the plane of life of this people is to be elevated, access to this well defended citadel must be found. The key to success in such an enterprise is held by the women of the country, for the men see them, that they are fair to look upon, and at once they do their bidding..

Some Mohammedans have painfully wrestled with this problem and long to secure change that will modify the character and influence of their women-folk. The missionary bystander necessarily asks himself how such men may be helped to gain their wish. Real comprehension of the condition of women among the millions of Asia will lead any one who has a trace of good will toward submerged humanity to feel sympathetic

yearning that those women may be led to a better use of life. Perhaps some able to lend them a hand may find it hard to escape responsibility if the help is not given.

Some will answer that we have the best authority for leaving the dead to bury their dead. But that phrase was not uttered for the consolation of those who wish to escape the burden of acting the good Samaritan. The use of it in a case like this is short-sighted as well as cruel. Recent experience in China shows that penalty can reach even to us for neglect of effort to humanize the backward races. Furthermore the history of the siege of the Peking Compound has revealed a reward which we actually gained for taking a juster view. For I opine that if all the money were reckoned up which missions to China have cost during the last twenty years of effort, and if those few hundred of Chinese diggers and ditchers at the Legation who thus learned to be men were set down as the whole result of the expenditure, the humble part taken by those Christian Chinese in preventing the horrible catastrophe which we feared was not dearly bought. There is self-interest as well as duty in studying what we can do toward solving this Woman Question which looms so large at Constantinople.

The whole force of Oriental logic and philosophy is directed against culture of womankind as a class. To prevent her use of her mind woman is forced into marriage in childhood, becoming

a mother often at fifteen. For this end the dwarfing effect of premature encounter with the heaviest perplexities of life is derided as proof of mental deficiency. For this end the moral consequences of lack of training are rated as evidence that woman is so essentially vicious as to make her education a crime. The man of the East knows that if the woman is allowed to read and to think, facilities for gratifying his own tastes will be greatly diminished. So he obstructs efforts to open her mind, pointing out that any large view of education for women will teach her to sew instead. All this shows that custom and prejudice in Asia fear attacks made at this point. Hence the line of effort which promises effective results on the Woman Question in Turkey is the line of education for women. Before we saw how the reactionary Turk dreads education for woman, we all knew that she must be brought out of the depths to the level of the century in which she lives before she can take her due share in the work of stimulating its progress.

Since the first point to be gained is to bring woman up out of the gloom where she has been left by centuries of ignorance and neglect, the touch upon her of Western civilization in any shape is an ally not to be lightly rated. At Constantinople as at no other place in Turkey Western civilization touches Eastern women. There they see and try to copy the dress of their Western sisters, although their taste is still such as to

make the Constantinople market the sink into which fall all the rejected monstrosities of fashion which dealers in other cities would fain put out of the way. There too, the women are quick to discover and appreciate the freedom of the Western order of society, although having none to teach them they are apt to regard freedom as license, and to seek to emulate it in ways original with themselves. Not much can such vague movements stir enthusiasm of hope for these poor women. Yet one cannot avoid seeing that what the women of Constantinople get into their minds from abroad, slowly filters through the surrounding regions to affect the ideas and the life of distant towns. And one cannot fail to see too that a tendency to look Westward for light opens a door to women of the West who wish well to the women of the East. Because they come from the West they can win their confidence and help them to grow. The work of lifting the women of Asia into the place which their Creator designed them to occupy is a work which can be done by the women of Christendom. Let the pitifulness of the condition of Eastern women and the difficulty of reaching them combine with the grandeur of the possible success to lead the women of Christendom to see that this work is done.

IV

THE EASTERN CHURCH

ON visiting the cathedral attached to the Greek Patriarchate at Constantinople, the traveller is shown the throne occupied by the Patriarch on certain high feast days. It is a massive arm chair of some heavy wood richly coloured by age. The Greeks declare this to be the veritable throne used by St. Chrysostom when he was Bishop of Constantinople; a relic marvellously preserved for the comfort of the faithful through the vicissitudes of fifteen hundred years. Without committing one's self to the claims of this comfortless seat, one may well admit their power to stir enthusiasm for a Church whose history includes the possibility of the truth of such a pedigree for this throne.

The Eastern Church has actually had bishops upon the Episcopal throne of the city, from Chrysostom down, in long and unbroken succession. Feuds of mingled political and theological origin shook the throne of the Byzantine empire long before it fell, but they could not shake the Church, for such feuds are mere incidents of

its unbroken story. Turmoil and dissensions and anarchy have many times made the streets about St. Sophia slippery with the blood of priest and statesman; the great dome itself has echoed with the clash of arms and the angry shouts of zealous Christians; struggling mobs have swarmed over surrounding buildings and have taken possession of the leads of the holy place itself in order to hurl epithets and missiles, or to ply cudgel and knife in discussions of such questions of popular interest as the natures of Jesus Christ, the title of Mother of God for the Virgin Mary, and the propriety of using pictures or images in worship; bishops and Patriarchs unfortunate enough to poll a minority of the votes have been dragged from the place by the hair of the head, but through all of this noise and strife, orthodoxy has not been rent asunder nor lost its hold upon the people. To-day, as fifteen centuries ago, the Patriarch of Constantinople is the "Ecumenical Patriarch of the Orthodox Church," if a creed is what feeds life. For his congregation is the lineal descendant of that of the Apostles. It is the one which was the convener of the great councils of all Christendom. Its liturgies and its theological writings are the veritable, untranslated words of the ancient Fathers of Christendom. Its care preserved to the world the principal codices of the New Testament, although to-day its clergy have to journey to St. Peters-

burg or Paris or London or Rome in order to look at these early tokens of the patient fidelity of its pious scribes.

Secession from this body made the Western Churches schismatic, and to this day deprives them of the illustrious name of Christian in the usage of the Eastern clergy; the schism having been the more intolerable because the earliest bishops and the first popes of Rome were members of the Greek hierarchy.

To the Eastern Church Germany owes its earliest knowledge of the Bible in the Gothic version made in the sixth century by Ulphilas of Constantinople. In the ninth century, notwithstanding its ceaseless theological dissensions the Eastern Church had enough of vital force to respond to an appeal for instruction from the hairy limbed Scythians of the north; and the labours of its missionaries Cyril and Methodius so fixed its Scriptures and its doctrines in the uncouth language of those barbarous tribes as to make them one; and now, after ten centuries, modern Russia, with its unswerving loyalty to the Eastern creed is the great trophy of its missionary zeal and the link which binds it to the life of the restless West. Nor can the Eastern clergy ever forget that in the fifteenth century when the learned men of Constantinople were dispersed before the rushing onset of the Mohammedan Turk their high culture was the beginning of intellectual life in much

of Europe, teaching the roystering barons of the Western nations the meaning of scholarship and literature. Not only the hoary antiquity and profound learning, but the magnificent proportions of the Eastern Church with its one hundred millions of adherents in Europe, Asia, and America claim for it preëminent right to work for the reform of the multitudes of unbelievers who live in contact with it.

So firmly is this ancient body established upon its venerable foundations that it must withstand any attempt to overthrow it. It is impossible to stand at Constantinople, amid such historical surroundings without a conviction that the uplifting of the people of that region must depend upon the faithfulness of the Eastern Church to its obligations to its Master. Secure in its traditions and its position in history it has a right to regard as arrogance beyond forgiveness the enterprise of Western Christians who go to Jerusalem and Antioch and Constantinople with thought to teach the doctrines of Jesus Christ to a body from which the savage ancestors of these would-be teachers derived what knowledge they possessed of the Gospel. Its adherents as a mass, will never become Protestant in the Western sense of the word.

Nevertheless one who expects from either branch of the Eastern Church as seen in Turkey, efforts to benefit the world, is discouraged by the silence of history upon this point during a

thousand years. Even as to that characteristic of the Church of Christ which reveals itself in strenuous anxiety for the spiritual state of its own members, the clergy of the East differ from the clergy of all Western Churches. From Patriarch to deacon all seem blind to the rule that the state of individual members fixes the state of the church. Anxiety seems to be concentrated on the pursuit of power and influence for themselves. When a bishop here and there urges his flock to study the Bible for their instruction, and even when such a pious bishop preaches the Gospel, the surprise of the onlooker almost exceeds his pleasure in the discovery. Yet a church must show other grounds than the musty history of past ages if it is to direct the progress of men instead of being dragged along like a hampering mass by the march of progress. Like the men who compose it the Church must be doing, if it would live.

The cause of the peculiarities of Eastern Christianity has been stated by a careful student as a radical singularity in habit of thought. He says, "The Eastern Church deals with theory, the Western, with practice. The Eastern Church enacts creeds, the Western, discipline. The Eastern Church makes the first decree of its council determine the relations of the God-head, while the first decree of a pope of Rome forbids the marriage of the clergy."

But this shrewd analysis gives the facts in

partial record only. We in this day find it hard to realize how deep and persistent was the expectation of the world-power revealed in the frequent inquiry of the disciples of Jesus Christ respecting the establishment of His Kingdom. Even at the moment of the Ascension they were fretted by this question of the restoration of the Kingdom, and their early converts did not lose the expectation.

No branch of Western Christendom, with its small areas of unruly kingdoms was so intoxicated by the possession of power as was the Eastern Church when it captured the Imperial throne of the Roman Empire with sway over vast regions in the East. It was as a supreme political power that it had to lay down principles of world-wide scope which Emperors had commanded it to define. It fell into theory to the neglect of practical affairs because of its responsibility to fix principles which underlie the ruling of a world. The flavour of uncounted wealth and unlimited power then tasted by the clergy, has ever remained in memory as a type of the kind of success toward which Christian pastors must bend their efforts. Under guise of a laudable desire to establish the Kingdom of Jesus Christ upon a proper foundation, Imperialism then supplanted Christ as the central figure of the Church. To this day the Eastern Church has never lost its dream of supremacy in actual combination with the civil and political forces of the world.

Its prelates still confuse Church and State in an inextricable medley of aspirations such as marked the later Byzantine history. And from a political rather than a religious point of view they deal with the questions which our modern life brings within reach of their somewhat limited vision.

The dealings of the Eastern Church with Islam, under the virile energy of which it fell into servitude, illustrates its development as a political power. When Islam became a danger to the Christian world the theologians of the East accepted Mohammed at his own valuation, as a believer in the religion revealed to Moses and to Jesus. They did not see in his doctrines a new religion. They regarded the prophet of Mecca as a Christian gone astray like the Gnostics of earlier periods. Mohammedan historians even assert that the Emperor Heraclius and many chief men of his time were convinced of the Divine Mission of Mohammed because the morals which he enforced were superior to those in vogue at Constantinople. In this estimate of the new religion there was ground for the alliances, matrimonial and otherwise, which mark the relations of the Eastern Empire to the Turkish Power during its earlier years. All questions at issue were political and the Church was associated with the Imperial Government in them all.

When the Turks took Constantinople, the Sultan quickly and shrewdly declared a policy which continued in a certain degree the partnership

between Church and Government. The Patriarch of Constantinople was maintained as the supreme ruler of his people, and the office of *Grand Logothete,* the official charged under the Greek Empire with conveying the requirements of the Church to the Emperor, was continued as the channel of communication between Patriarch and Sultan. To this day the Greek Patriarchate has its "Grand Logothete" at the Sublime Porte and its imposing guard of Turkish soldiers to attend the Patriarch when he rides abroad. The essence of such an alliance between the Mohammedan Sultan and the Christian Patriarch must be political. Its unspoken but irrevocable condition must be the consent of Christianity to remain a political organization, without the attributes of spiritual aggressiveness placed by Christ upon the conscience of his followers. Neither Sultan nor Patriarch at the time of this compact took into their thought for an instant any possibility that Christians might attempt to win Mohammedans to Christ. Christian liberty of propaganda was surrendered for the sake of political power. The two elements of the Eastern Question of our day were then established; a ruling Mohammedan power which openly demands universal political supremacy, and a subject organization equally claiming universal supremacy as a political power, and equally striving, though secretly, to forward that claim. This dream of supremacy has never been lost by the

hierarchy which views itself as heir to those disciples of Christ who demanded dignity in a political organization for the glory of the Lord.

A single illustration of the stand-point of the clergy of the Greek Church will tend to make these statements more clear. A quarrel a few years ago with the Bulgarian Church in Macedonia formed the occasion for the adoption by the Greek Holy Synod at Constantinople of a measure intended to force the Turkish Government to grant the wishes of the Greek Patriarch. The bishops of the Holy Synod ordered the closing of all Greek churches throughout the country, and then told their astounded parishioners that the measure had been forced upon them by the Turkish Government.

The fact of the case was that because the Turkish Government refused to restore the Macedonian Bulgarians, by force, as if literally sheep, to the fold of the Greek shepherds, the Greek Patriarch resigned. Since in theory Greek priests exercise their functions by warrants from the Patriarch, on the resignation of the Patriarch the bishops might say that no one could authorize church services. Their declaration to the people that the closing of the churches was forced by the Turkish Government rested upon their claim that the resignation of the Patriarch was required by the refusal of the Turks to coerce the Bulgarians.

The closing of the churches was merely a poli-

tician's stratagem, expected to goad the people into violent outbreak, by leading them to suppose that the Turks had committed the crowning oppression of denying the Greeks their religious privileges. Such outbreaks, or the fear of them, would drive the Turkish Government into granting the demands of the clergy. It seems not to have occurred to the bishops that the Turks can endure in placid unconcern the suspension of religious services by Christians quite as long as the Greeks themselves can. What the Turkish Government did was to issue an indignant denial of the imputation that it had in any way interfered with freedom of worship, renewing at the same time the declaration that this is an inalienable right of all classes of the Sultan's subjects. This explanation prevented outbreaks on the part of the Greek rabble, who turned their wrath against the priests for refusing to perform marriages, administer baptism, or officiate in canonicals at funerals—whimsically making their own people suffer all the pains of an ecclesiastical ban.

The ignoring by the Greek higher clergy of the spiritual needs of the people is significant of their view of religion. Through their acts hundreds of thousands were deprived during many weeks of all opportunity for public worship and spiritual instruction. But the whole discussion of the outrage centred upon the value of the measure as a political expedient. The people commented upon

it freely. Some praised the astuteness of the bishops, many ridiculed their folly, but absolutely none made outcry of horror at the cold blooded sacrifice of the spiritual interests of the masses for the sake of political schemes dear to the Synod. The people know too well that their interests require politics to outweigh religion in the councils of their leaders. Yet those leaders are high ecclesiastics who are grieved when Americans urge pure religion upon Greek believers in Jesus Christ, and whose patronizing smile is precious to Western admirers of the spectacle of an unbroken succession of hands, passing on by physical contact the heritage received from the Apostles. Such an incident is but one of innumerable illustrations that this physical succession may become a thing as repellent as is that prized among the Armenians, who still use the mummied hand of their great saint, Gregory the Illuminator, in the consecration of their chief Bishop.

Our interest now is in the value of the Eastern Church as a factor in elevating the lives of the vast mass of people who have made Turkey what it is. It has had influence upon modern Mohammedanism without doubt. The use of many Christian forms of pious expression by Muslims shows this, and so does the ambition of Muslims to make the celebration of the birthday of their Prophet as important as any Christmas festivity, or to ascribe to Mohammed characteristics be-

longing to Jesus Christ as mediator and as the cause of the creation of the world. Some Muslims even go so far as to hint at application to the mother of Mohammed of a doctrine of immaculate conception. But the effect of such an incident as the closing of the churches is far deeper upon the Mohammedan mind.

The spectacle of the largest of the Christian Churches of Turkey sportively suspending Divine worship for weeks, as a political measure, proves to every Mohammedan beyond cavil that Christianity is a lie and a folly beneath contempt. In this incident the influence of the Church was thrown directly against that commendation of Christianity to the approval of Mohammedans which is our desire. Such facts must give emphasis to the happily chosen language of Dean Stanley respecting the whole late history of this church: "Eastern Christianity must be treated as a temporary halting place of the great spiritual migration which from the day that Abraham turned his face away from the rising sun, has been steadily stepping Westward."

We have spoken of the Eastern Church in the singular number because there is really no essential difference between the Greek Church and any of its smaller off-shoots. As to vital force from the Christian point of view, all are on a level of arrested development. With all of them belief that possession of political power can enable a bishop to regulate the lives of his flock

has been the *ignis fatuus* to lure them into those marshes of stagnation in which the whole Eastern Church is resting. All of them show in practical life how a scheme of moral conduct which makes self-seeking its central principle, like a garment contaminated with the plague virus, poisons and prostrates and paralyzes the wretch who thinks to profit by it. For all of the branches of the Eastern Church have had dinned into their ears daily during twelve centuries the message of Islam to the world, "There is no God but God, and to honour Him with the lips is the acceptable service of God."

The Armenian Church is the largest of these off-shoots from the Eastern Church. Until some time after it was declared heretical it copied or translated the most of its theological text books from the Greek. Those points of heresy which ancient orthodoxy most severely stigmatized in it do not clearly appear in modern Armenian creeds. One of the chief peculiarities of this Church is the presence of two books in its Old Testament canon and two in the New, which are found in no other Bible. There are differences in practice between Armenian and Greek, but these offer no reason for classing the Armenians by themselves in any cursory view of the situation of the Church of Christ in Western Asia. Their separation from the Greeks seems to have been due to the circumstance that the Armenian delegates to the Council of Chalcedon were de-

layed by the chances of a long, painful journey. They arrived after all was over; and the decrees of the council were rejected by the Armenians because there was no one to explain to them the precise bearing of a form of words which was distasteful. The schism which began with this incident, has widened through distance, difficulty of intercourse, and especially through difference of language.

Some idea of the state of the Armenian Church may be drawn from the description, given by an Armenian writer, of a service which he attended at Constantinople. It was Christmas Day, and he hoped for something that would emphasize the lessons of Christmas. But he was disappointed. "Instead," says he, "of the simplicity which becomes a place of worship I found in the church the tawdry decoration which belongs to a bazaar. The preacher arose for his sermon. It was a hasty recitation of the identical words which had formed for many years his Christmas sermon to his people. Having got that out of the way, he poured out the real thought which possessed his soul in an appeal of twice the length for money to be given to the church support fund. Then the deacons went into the congregation while mass was being celebrated, interrupting its solemn phrases by presenting to everyone the contribution boxes. Even some of the priests officiating at the altar threw some garment over their canonicals and seizing plates

rushed in among the congregation to get a share of the spoils. So intent were they upon this errand that they did not notice the words, 'Take, eat, this is My body,' and the scandalized people had to remind them of the claims of decency, begging them to wait until after the communion was over.

"On an ordinary day the spectacle is even more repugnant. The people are there, but the priests are late to enter. They perform the service in a dull and perfunctory manner. The preacher of the day comes in late to the service, and while mass is being performed, he goes into the vestry to take a cup of coffee and have a smoke. In the body of the church a lot of school children turned loose to look out for themselves, disturb the service by their chatter and their pranks, and in one of the side chapels several priests are wrangling over the division of fees from a funeral from which they have just returned. So loud is their dissension that their voices rise above the voices of the choir singing the chant, 'Thou only art Holy, Oh Lord'."

This writer uncovered the faults of his Church for a purpose. He made his criticisms in one of the Armenian daily newspapers of the city, and used them to show the need of preachers in this ancient church. He complained that the people are not fed. He said, "The daily scripture lesson is not opened to their minds. Forms and ceremonies, and only forms and ceremonies are

offered to the people in the church. Even the significance of these forms and ceremonies is not explained to the people. If the object of the preacher is to lead men to salvation, to make them see and love right, to fix religious truth in their minds, to build up faith, to stir the heart and the conscience, then the value of a sermon is its power to move people.

"Such sermons are not heard in the Armenian Church. The reason is not that religion is worn out, else preachers in Europe and America would not hold their audiences. The reason is that the Armenian clergy do not care for the glory of God and the edification of the church. They let the people seek where they will for their instruction in the Gospel and moral principle, while they themselves are given to the search after fees for weddings, funerals and masses. Spiritual instruction is rarely offered to the people, and what is offered is without fruit, because no preacher practices what he himself teaches. The church does not lack preachers who might give spiritual instruction to their people, but these are reserved for service in the rich churches. To the poor the Gospel is not preached."

An Armenian priest, signing himself "Preacher" made answer to this complaint in another of the daily papers, that the clergy are no worse than they have always been, and that the decline of religion is due to neglect of parents to have their children taught observance of the

fasts, of confession, and of the duty of church attendance. He further said that the schools injure religion because infidels are employed as teachers, and instead of making children learn to read out of the Church Psalter, bearing the sentence "The Cross help me" at the top of every page, they give the children primers which contain such useless sentences as "The dog barks," "The cat mews," etc.

The reply to this defence of the clergy came from the editor of the paper and emphasized the ignorance and the folly of the clergy by contrasting their ideas with those of the Evangelicals. It charged the man who can make such an answer to criticism with ignorance of the difference between religion and its outward shell; adding that men are not made righteous themselves nor do they make Christians of their children by keeping fasts, and reciting prayers which they do not understand. "In fact," said the editor, "The men whom the priest condemns as infidels are those brought up under this system. What the people demand is a higher view and a more Christian conviction of truth on the part of the clergy."

But let it not be supposed that the Armenian Church is worse than the Greek church in the impression of inability to judge between religion and its outer shell. At the risk of seeming to show rancour we must add to the material for

judging of the present state of the Greek church a description of one of its public rites.

Going one day along the street in old Stamboul which leads from the Galata bridge to the bazaars, a Greek friend accosted me:

"Are you going to the show?"

"What show?"

"Our Patriarch is to be buried to-day. All the great men of the European Embassies will be there, and the procession will be fine."

The cynicism of the man who can see naught but a show in the funeral of the head of his church and the chosen representative of his nation, piqued curiosity as to the bearing of a crowd made up of such men. We went through the narrow streets, bordered here and there with curious old relics of the house architecture of the Byzantines, toward the Phanar, where stands the Greek Patriarchate and its Cathedral. A throng of sight-seers was moving in the same direction, and as we drew near to the Cathedral a compact mass of people, sitting on posts and walls and in windows of houses and filling every inch of the street until a needle dropped among them could not fall to the ground, barred further progress.

This crowd was made up of pleasure seekers, not of mourners. All the Greeks of the city seemed to be there, and with them great numbers of Armenians, of Europeans, of Jews and of

Mohammedans as eager as any to see the curious ceremonies attending the burial of a Patriarch. The men were dressed in their best clothes and the women decked in gay silks and ribbons. Wherever room for movement could be found, peddlers hawked eatables, crying out the excellencies of their grapes or figs or bread or ice water or sherbet, and in fact of all the oriental equivalents for the gingerbread and peanuts and candy of a country fair. The people were comfortably munching these viands in every place where they could find room to work their elbows and their jaws. The body of the Patriarch had been lying in state for three days, and the crowd were discussing their experiences in getting into the church.

Said one of the Greeks to another, "Did you kiss the old man's hand?"

"Yes, but it was too old!"

"Some of them don't keep. Perhaps he was no better than he should be."

"Ah, but the weather is hot. You should not lay it to the sins of the poor old man."

"Well, he is no better now, than he should be, any way."

The coarse jest at the expense of the great dead was received with roars of laughter, and the speakers rolled up fresh cigarettes and discussed the state of the market.

Suddenly the masses about the doors of the cathedral began to quiver and shake like sol-

diers fatigued by a heavy fire. Then the crowd came back in a stampede which flattened against the wall all who had not found places of refuge. On the heels of the fleeing crowd was a patrol of Turkish police pushing the people back with the butts of their muskets. A troop of cavalry followed and then a guard of honour of Turkish infantry, with arms reversed as if mourning, but swaggering along as though to flaunt their Muslim indifference in the faces of the Greeks.

After the troops, came Greek priests in rich robes and bearing cakes and wine. They were followed by a procession of chanting choristers and higher dignitaries of the church, robed in cloth of gold. But the moment the soldiers had passed, so that there was no longer any barrier between the multitude and the chanting priests, every semblance of order and decency was lost in the rush of the people to see. There was no longer a procession, but a writhing and struggling mass filling the narrow way.

A high functionary had been charged with the duty of bearing alone, solemn and imposing, a lighted candle of massive proportions before the bier of the dead. But he and his great candle were borne along bobbing and dodging in the midst of a swirl of the rabble determined to see well the thing which was behind him. What was behind him was a group of twenty-four priests elbowing their way through the crowd and distressed by the effort quite as much as by

the heavy burden which they bore, hardly above the surface of the pavement. A glint of gold in their midst arrested attention. The thing which they carried was a very nightmare of horror. They painfully laboured to bring through the crowd a sort of throne of black velvet upon which was seated a corpse,—the body of an old, old man. The body was robed in cloth of gold, and the head, which lolled and wagged from side to side with each throb and push of the crowd, wore a ball-shaped golden crown, set with precious stones. The right hand of the corpse was raised and swayed from side to side in hideous opposition to the wagging of the white-haired head; being maintained in an attitude supposed to be that of benediction by a piece of coarse twine tied to one of the fingers. This was the Patriarch Dionysius V. of the Orthodox Church, borne to his last resting place. And his people, who rushed frantically into the procession to get a near view of the horrible corpse, already marked with spots of decay, were the lineal and worthy descendants of those Byzantine Greeks who were ever willing to sacrifice anything for a sight of horrors in the amphitheatre over yonder. Such was the scandalous spectacle which the Greek Church offered to the world as the best which it can devise in honour of the chief of its ecclesiastical body.

Understanding of the relation of the Eastern Church to the question of the evangelization of

the world requires mention of one further peculiarity. A very important part of harmonious relations with any people upon matters of religion must be mutual agreement as to the meaning of words. Whatever difficulty exists in understanding the Eastern Church in this department results from Mohammedan influence. For some five or six hundred years Islam has exerted direct pressure and indirect influence upon Oriental Christians. The result has been like the result of leaving timber too long in the water—the logs become soaked and useless.

The insistence of the Armenian and Greek villagers in the interior of Turkey upon veiling their women; the notion among them that modesty is violated when a woman converses with a man who is not of her kin, and the use of Sunday as the market day, are deeply-rooted customs taught the Christians by Mohammedanism, along with the cringing disposition resulting from hopeless servitude. But the meaning of religious terms in use among the members of the Oriental Church has become modified by the same influences. For instance, the idea that obedience to God consists of observance of rites and ceremonies and has no relation to moral conduct, is firmly fixed in the minds of the common people in each branch of that Church. Worship is understood to be recital of certain forms of words at appropriate times. Faith is assent to a creed. Piety is ascetic attention to forms of worship

and to fasting. Manliness is determination to crush an enemy, and humility is a grovelling, cringing spirit.

If the Christians of the seventh century regarded Mohammed as merely a heretical Christian, by the beginning of the nineteenth century in many important matters they had accepted the heresy themselves. A few years ago a band of robbers captured the Vienna Express train in the province of Adrianople, and held for ransom a number of European passengers. After a ransom of about forty thousand dollars had been paid by friends, the prisoners were released. They gave a lively account of their life in the mountains, while the robbers were eluding pursuit and negotiating for the ransom. The most curious part of the story related to the great piety of these robbers, who were members in good and regular standing, of the Greek Church. Every day they read prayers and the lessons of Scripture with great unction. They doubtless ascribed to this pious observance their success in getting the ransom and escaping capture. At all events none of them suffered loss of social standing or fell under discipline of the Church for their crime. Neither the robbers nor the Greek clergy saw anything in the enterprise inconsistent with spotless purity of character.

On the whole, in the Eastern Church the ministrations of the clergy do not cultivate spiritual life among the people. In planning for the cul-

ture of the people the tendency is to make much of the evidence of power in displays of magnificence. What the clergy deem the people to need is sight of the gorgeous vestments of the church functionaries once or twice a day, with splendours of lighted candles and gold and glitter, and lavish burning of incense, and impressive chantings of liturgy in the sonorous and unintelligible phrases of the ancients, and at the same time opportunity to make deposits in the contribution box on the assurance that dividends will be paid in heaven.

There are bishops both in the Greek and the Armenian Churches who preach the Gospel in a simple and elevating way and live pious lives to match. But they are exceptions to a general rule. The quality most easily seen in the clergy of the Eastern Church is a self-complacency as impermeable as if designed to resist influences from without. Happily the clergy for the most part dare not put into acts their dread of the education which their people would fain pick up from sources outside of the church.

Among the laity of the Eastern Church one finds in Constantinople men who are public spirited, liberal minded, and possessing initiative in plans for the advancement of their own people. The Greek Syllogos in Pera is a literary society made up of such. It does admirable work in original historical research and in popularizing knowledge among the Greek middle class fam-

ilies of the city. Many a fine Greek school owes its endowment and its support to the generosity of well to do and far-seeing Greek merchants and bankers. Among the Armenians, too, many men are found who have studied abroad and who make a point of labouring for education and progress among their own people. But such laymen of modern ideas have to carry the burden of their undertakings themselves. In culture and intellectual power and in breadth of vision they are immeasurably beyond their own clergy. The church does not oppose their enterprises for the good of the common people in any mediæval sense. But it cannot sympathize with them. It is a drag on progress and never by any chance a stimulating force. The consequence of this contrast between the dull self-complacency of the mass of the clergy and the vigour of the progressive layman is what might be expected. The priests have been weighed and found wanting. The disparagement which they earn for themselves, falls also upon the religion which they teach. It is a foregone conclusion that the younger generation of educated men have religion in the sense of respect for a national institution, or in the sense of satisfying claims of propriety set forth by the women. Possibly they may not themselves become moral degenerates. But it should be noted here that such young men never by any chance feel responsibility for improving the morals of those who are degenerate.

GROUP OF GREEK CLERGY

But the skepticism thus cultivated does not mean that the Eastern Christians are necessarily without feeling in the religious sense. There could be no more telling exhibit of the response made by the heart to unexpected spiritual impulses than a statement of the writer above quoted in one of the Armenian secular papers of the city. He said that he went into one of the Protestant chapels in Constantinople and found it full of Armenians although the Armenian church stood empty and craving worshippers but a short distance away. "The reason is," he said, "that the preacher in the Protestant chapel offers the people the simple Gospel, expounds and applies it powerfully, and supports his teaching by a blameless life open to the eyes of the whole community. When he speaks he both feeds the hearts and convinces the minds of his hearers. Let there be preaching of this class in the Armenian churches! Only when this is done will the empty churches and the equally empty hearts of the people be filled."

The question is often asked by our own people whether the moral standards of the Eastern Christian are not really below those of his Mohammedan neighbour. It is frequently asserted that in honesty and truthfulness the Mohammedan is far above the Christian of the Eastern rite. A desert produces sombre-hued, thick-leaved, thorny plants, whether it is in America or in Arabia. If self-interest is understood to imply

dishonesty, the lie which it evolves is of the same quality the world around. For men who lack the purpose of placing God above self in questions of aim and conduct will be found to be very much the same whether Eastern or Western Christians, Buddhists, or Mohammedans. They are to be had for a price, and the only question is as to the stiffness of the price. One meets Mohammedans in Constantinople who are more noble than some Greeks and Armenians. One there encounters Greeks and Armenians more trusty than some Mohammedans. In commercial houses of the city the porters are often Armenian peasants from the Eastern provinces. These porters come to Constantinople and serve five years or so for $12 or $15 per month. Out of this pittance they feed and clothe themselves, and at the end of the time they expect to take home $500 or $600. These dark-skinned, bag-trowsered Armenian porters are daily sent to collect or deposit funds for their employers. Many times it happens that the porter has in his hands a sum exceeding all that he will lay up in his five years of toil. Yet his betrayal of the trust reposed in him is almost unknown.

Probably some Mohammedan peasants and porters in Constantinople might be trusted in the same way. One old Mohammedan peasant from an interior province of the Empire, who worked as a day labourer in Constantinople quite won my heart by his generous treatment of an Armenian

widow left on his hands by the massacre of 1896. He came to ask advice. The woman was also from an interior town. Her husband had been killed and her two sons were fugitives in Europe. She had a room in the house of the Turk, but could not be induced to pay the rent. After examining the case I told the Turk that he would be justified in turning the woman out of his house, for she was using the plea of need of money to pay rent to extract a regular allowance from charitable people, and at the same time must be hoarding up the coin gained in this way. Some weeks later I asked the ragged old Mohammedan labourer if he had got rid of his Armenian tenant. "No," he said, "I could not do it. God knows that I am poor and need the rent money. But the woman is poor, too. Perhaps some day I will be alone like her. Then I would be sorry to have a landlord turn me into the street!"

But a noble sentiment like this does not prove the Turk to be a complete model in morals. This same man was installed as care-taker in a country house while the owner went into a far country for a year. This care-taker of noble sentiments then commenced a regular process of transferring the more marketable parts of the house to the junk-dealers. He wrenched off the locks of the doors and sold them; he gradually sold off the shutters from the windows; he stripped the sheet lead from accessible portions

of the roof and transmuted the lead into silver; he even dug up and sold a lot of choice roses and other plants from the garden. When the owner at last returned, the house was very like a ruin standing in a desert. "The rose-bushes," glibly explained my versatile friend, "were killed by the frost. The window shutters were beaten to pieces in a storm long ago; and as for the locks I never could find out who did it; people came in and stole them while I was asleep. I could not stay awake the whole time for a year could I?"

Do not let us try to gauge the value of a religion by the moral conduct of those of its adherents who do not obey its precepts. In the comparison proposed, perhaps the most that can be said with confidence to the disadvantage of the Mohammedan is this: Among all those who profess to follow the God of Israel the Mohammedan is unique in his doctrine on bloodshed and on the relation between the sexes. Hence in these two directions there are depths of infamy to which any Mohammedan may plunge to which the most degraded of the Eastern Christians could not stoop.

In its relations to the people about it the Eastern Church shows in utmost extension the notion that men should mind their own religious affairs and let others take care of themselves. For a thousand years that Church has not known the emotion of joy which comes from doing a service

to others, outside of the favoured few, which does not bring return of personal profit which can be weighed, jingled and tied up in a bag. Yet such service is of the essentials of Christianity. A characteristic of conversion too much overlooked in our own churches is the part of the definition of salvation upon which Dr. William Newton Clarke strongly insists in pointing out the grounds of Missions. "To be saved is to be brought into moral fellowship with God—it is to become in heart a saviour, in fellowship with Him to whom we owe our own salvation." Without this idea fully before the mind man will naturally tend to indolent enjoyment of his own privileges, though his neighbour have no one of them. Such a man tends to live on the level of the street dog of Constantinople which, on finding a windfall of food, stuffs his mouth with all that he can seize, and bolts for a secluded corner where no other dog may ask a share in his good fortune. The most painful feature in the present aspect of the Eastern Church at Constantinople is its utter lack of impulse to serve Christ by becoming an uplifting force to those outside of its own narrow enclosure.

Nevertheless the present condition of this Church may not lessen our sympathy for it. At the time of the downfall of the Byzantine Empire, the proud Western Church noted that Constantinople was taken by the Turks upon the day of the feast of the Holy Ghost. "Therefore,"

said the prelates of the age, "it is clear that the Holy Ghost so ordered the downfall of the political power of the Greeks because they obstinately held the belief that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father alone and not from the Father and the Son." It is a measure of the tremendous growth of modern Christian feeling that such folly to-day would blast the mouth that uttered it. But there is reason for a feeling deeper than mere tolerance for the Eastern Church. During centuries of its abandonment by Western Christendom that Church has held to belief in the name of Christ. During centuries arguments which its clergy have lost the power to refute, dazzling splendour of bribes and rewards urged as inducements for exchange of the offence of Jesus Christ for the license of the Prophet of Mecca, oppressions, penalties and blood-curdling threats have failed to lead it to give up its inheritance of faith in Jesus, although its isolation long ago slew hope of deliverance. Such a history must arouse our warm regard. The weakness of this Church is the concern of all Christendom. As when fever is sapping the life of a dear friend, all who can must aid in making possible a cure.

To return to the power of the city of Constantinople to influence all surrounding regions, it must by this time be clear that the message which the city sends out into the country is a message that all evil things are of the natural and irreme-

diable class of evils, and that almost any thing is good and right and wise to do, if a man gets enough of reward for doing it. From the side of the Mohammedan teaching, cumbered as it is with the incubus of such a woman question, little that will tend to the elevation of the people of that vast region may be expected to go out. Nor can the Eastern Church in its present state be a factor in any great movement of reform in the region controlled by the influence of Constantinople.

At the same time the condition of the people of all those regions over which Constantinople holds its magic sway is an abiding menace to the rest of the world. We are even shut out from all chance of commerce in wealthy regions far more accessible than the rising empires of the Pacific by the fact that these people have not similar principles of equity with the West, having had no one to teach them how to live and improve the conditions of life. We can not afford to ignore the hurt and the danger to the world that grows out of the fact that the peoples of Western Asia have chosen a wrong centre for their aspirations.

If the Eastern Church can ever be brought to its proper work as a Christian church, sending out influences of purity and enlightenment by every caravan, and train, and ship that carries the people of the city to their distant homes beneath the rising sun, conclusive results among

all these peoples may be expected. But not until then. Hopes for elevation of the moral and social standards of the masses in Turkey depend upon the discovery of means for arousing the Eastern Church at Constantinople to nobler perspectives of the Christian life. Here is the place to begin missionary work for the backward people of Western Asia. All consideration of the situation leads to the conclusion that missionary effort throughout the region dominated by the great city, and especially effort in the great city itself should be concentrated upon applying wise and kindly stimulus to this venerable Church that it may live and itself take the first steps toward a general renewal of principles in the whole population.

V.

THE MEETING OF EAST AND WEST

ANY good influence which the West can exert on Eastern people is limited by the curious opposition so often noted between the man of the East and the man of the West in method of action.

The Western man deferentially takes off his hat on entering a house, but he carefully keeps his lower members covered. When he writes he lays his paper upon the table, and moves his pen from left to right. If he saws a board he has his saw arranged to cut upon the downward stroke so that his whole force may tell. The Eastern man wears his hat into the house, although a king be within, but he takes off his shoes, leaving his feet, perhaps bare and exposed to view. When he writes, he takes up the paper from the table (if he has one) while doing so, and moves his pen from right to left. If he has to saw a board or a log of wood, he makes his saw cut on the up stroke alone. These common instances of a general tendency of Orientals to do exactly the opposite of what Occidentals would do under the same circumstances, have an importance deeper than their picturesqueness when on exhibition.

They are surface indications of a reversal in the point from which life is viewed. When the Oriental wears his hat into the house, it is because he feels that his shaven head would make him grotesque if exhibited to others. The idea that leads him to take off his shoes is that presently he is going to sit down on the floor, and he does not wish to soil his clothes when he does so. If he has no table at which to write it is because he would be obliged to move in order to use it, if he had one. To write where he is requires that he shall rest the paper on the palm of his hand; and this again makes it necessary for him to move his pen from right to left. If he has his saw made so that it does its work when drawn back instead of when it is pushed forward, it is because he prefers to sit while sawing, in order to avoid too severe exertion.

In Western lands it is quite possible that a man will work without the need to work; because idleness is burdensome and ruinous. But in Asia this idea is quite incomprehensible. A carpenter from the vicinity of Constantinople, who was earning about eighty cents a day at his trade, heard that in the United States carpenters get two or three dollars a day. So he packed his kit and hastened to that favoured country. After a time his friends wrote to ask if the increased pay was a fact. "Yes," he wrote back, "I do get two dollars a day. But so would I have had two

dollars a day at home, if I had been willing to work there as hard as they work me in this terrible country." Throughout the continent of Asia labour is incompatible with personal dignity. Those favoured from on high will be freed from the need for it. Those who have to work are the "herd"—the people made for such degradation. Not to work; to be supported by the labour of others; to be waited on by servants; to grow fat through stagnation of the capillaries is an ideal of existence so generally held in the East, that it might almost be styled the Asiatic scheme of complete happiness. It was an Asiatic to whom God once said "Thou fool." The hope of that man still lives among the millions of Asia. It is the hope to be able to say "Soul take thine ease, for thou hast much goods laid up for many years."

The man of the West glories in examining, testing, discovering unknown facts. In Asia, the experimental stage of existence ended before any Western nation had come out of its caves or imagined dress goods better than skins. The Fathers have examined everything and they have fixed the best in their saws and proverbs and rules. The old Hebrew preacher expressed the opinions of Asiatics when he said "That which is hath been already, and that which is to be hath already been, and *God seeketh* again that which is passed away." The hope of the West is in the

aspiration of the individual. The purpose of the East is that the mass shall always repress and overwhelm the aspiring individual.

In the West there is such a thing as action in which, for a time, personal aims are suppressed; for instance action for the benefit of the community or of the nation. But from China to the Mediterranean the axiom is fixed that self-interest and self-seeking ever must (and ought to) override all other considerations. If a man sets about an enterprise in which the people cannot see how his personal interest is to gain, this fact is enough to make the whole thing uncanny and to arouse insurmountable opposition against it. When men risk all that they have, and their lives besides, in an effort to do away with some oppressive power, the motive may be deemed to be disinterested defence of a vital principle. But among Orientals one may always expect to find that the motive was either personal vengeance, or a desire to exchange places with the wrong-doer in order to do the same things at the expense of the party which he represents.

In Western lands public opinion limits the satisfaction which a man may find in ill-gotten gains. In the East, success in life is the attainment of ease. Ease is ease, whether gained through luck, of through dishonourable "cornering" of things that others must have, or (best of all) through power that can force others to become one's instruments for the amassing of property. In

THE BOSPHORUS AS A HIGHWAY
(Russian transport on the way to China)

THE CART OF ASIA MINOR

time honoured principle. People engaged in a wrangle for the advancement of self, have for a salient characteristic a querulous and almost venomous suspicion of all others. Asiatics cannot understand the Western man, and they generally misunderstand him in a way that causes them to hate him, so long as he takes no pains to remove the misunderstanding. Nevertheless this very opposition produces in the Oriental a curiosity which drives him to examine the Western usages against which he revolts.

Now we must remember that Constantinople is an Asiatic city. Far the larger portion of its inhabitants were born in Asia. The Asiatic element is always being replenished by new importations. The people have come together from widely separated regions. Their habits and their principles may have minor differences due to being brought up under Indian or Chinese or Persian or Arabian influences. But the man of Constantinople is the same in essential thought and aim as his fellow in China. The commonplaces of Western civilization are absent in both. The life of the city centres about physical needs. In vain do we seek there knowledge of the elementary principles of manly power or of growth. Suggest to the people dissatisfaction with a merely vegetable existence, or the value of equity, and honesty, and energy, and self-control, and you will have for answer " It is not the custom." The people of the city are at present quite out-

side of the broad sympathies which give to Western nations some degree of harmony of purpose, enabling men to plan relations with others in some confidence that the dangers and difficulties of their enterprises have been foreseen.

There are necessarily exceptions to such broad statements. In Constantinople one does not fail to meet Greeks and Armenians who are bright and entertaining and obliging, or Mohammedans who are noble and courteous, and thoughtful enough to make their acquaintance an acquisition. But every study of the people in mass is a revelation of arrested development, absence of initiative, and general uselessness by reason of narrow selfishness. The city, and with it the millions to whom the city is model seem hostile to what is best in the world's work. High-sounding phrases of lofty principle are heard in the city. Custom provides for this much of concession to the sensibilities of others. But the centuries seem to have frayed off the last semblance of meaning from the words. To quote a remark of a sage official in India which applies to the whole of Asia " Whilst the mouth is proclaiming its enlightenment and progress, the body is waddling backward as fast as the nature of the ground will permit." The bane of Constantinople is not solely poverty of resources. It is poverty of ideals.

It is quite impossible for one having any pretensions whatever to general good will toward men, to come in contact with the good and at-

tractive qualities of these people, without wishing for some means of helping them to get rid of the bad. Such a benevolent bystander, questioning how the people of this city may be led to measure their real needs, may naturally incline to believe that contact with Western civilization is the speediest agency for waking them up. The contagious energy of the West must in time modify this sluggish content in what has been and in the belief that respect to the fathers demands that the children shall not expect to be better.

The main thing needed seems to be to isolate the principles of civilization from the religious principle somewhat persistently associated in the West with the advance of civilization. The way is prepared for this by the fact that in Constantinople a sort of compromise seems to have taken place between the claims of a medley of rival religions in order to permit commercial intercourse. The captain of a Turkish steamboat on the Bosphorus illustrated the feeling that undue assertion of religious prejudice alone disturbs the placidity of the business world. A small boy had found surreptitious access to the whistle of the boat, and made it give forth a blast both deafening and untimely. The captain, rushing from his post to seek the culprit, instead of asking who did this thing, voiced his disgust and his belief that religion was at the bottom of all ills by the shout " Whose religion have I got to curse now? "

If civilization so isolated is the redemptive and elevating agency that will bring forth progress in Turkey, Constantinople is the place in which to watch the process.

For with all of its shrinking from adopting modern theories, Constantinople frankly and warmly admires their fruits in other nations. No Turk, Jew, nor Christian in all the city hesitates to tell the curious inquirer of his boundless affection for civilization. When talking of the problem of progress in his country every Turkish official naively gauges it by comparison with England, France, Germany, or America. It never occurs to him that, by choosing such types of the highest development of man, Asia and Islam are rendering an interesting and suggestive homage to Christianity and the West.

The action of the West upon Turkish ideas in the business world at Constantinople is less than would be supposed. A small part only of the native population of the city is engaged in business that brings it in contact with the West. The natives have their small businesses and industries. Mendicancy is one of them; with regular organization into a trade guild, with a chief, and with rules and regulations for the mutual protection of its members, and with its tutors all over the empire to discover or manufacture and bring to the capital for exploitation all monstrosities of human suffering that will serve to arouse pity and extract coppers from the pocket of the passer

by. One of the least offensive exhibitions of the beggar tribe is the street musician. He stands in front of a house in the Mohammedan district of the city on a bleak winter afternoon. White cotton garments hang in shreds about his body, confined at the waist by a ragged and faded cloth girdle. A battered fez cap is on his head, his feet are wrapped in rags bound on with ropes, and the colour of the soil is upon him from head to foot. He is playing the reed flute—an instrument whose model dates from the earliest musical efforts of man. It is an open tube about eighteen inches long. It has six holes for the fingers and two for the thumbs. One end has been carefully shaped so that the wood of the tube has a fine edge. By blowing against this edge at the end of the flute, the mouth and the whole visage contorted in the effort to secure the proper direction to the breath, a wailing and not unpleasant sound is produced. The play of the fingers and thumbs produces the variation required for the four or five notes that compose the tune. The man makes a pitiful spectacle standing persistently in front of the closed door of a house and rendering up his wailing melody while the cold north wind is tossing his rags about and searching out the vulnerable points of his bare chest. The man is young and strong. By what steps did he bring himself to depend for his bread upon whistling to unsympathetic walls? What boyish ambitions must have been crushed; what hopes

must have been dashed, before he came to this! Nothing of the sort. His trade is to beg. It is a perfectly reasonable trade for a young man to adopt; only if he is not so fortunate as to have some bodily deformity which he can exhibit, he has to exert himself to learn the musician's art in order to make his trade profitable. For after the man has whistled there in the cold for a half hour or so, a hand will appear from the lattice above, and will drop a penny to the musical genius, when he will move on to the next house and repeat the process.

The principle on which the Beggar's Guild rests is the good old Bible doctrine that "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." This is interpreted by both Muslim and Christian to mean that whenever a man gives a copper to a beggar he wipes out a sin, or lays up treasure in Heaven in the sense of opening a hoard there which will scale down the debit side of his account in the last day. So the beggars always appeal to the religious motive in their petitions. A stalwart Mohammedan will beseech you for a cent "for the sake of the Virgin Mary" and a Greek beggar will ask from a Mohammedan that he may show that he "loves his religion." Merchants in the city have a fashion of giving something to every one who applies on Saturday afternoon as a good preparation for Sunday. The neighbourhood of church and mosque is also a profitable one for the beggars. Under this system

beggars sometimes become quite rich. A foreign lady had a habit of giving a copper to a certain beggar on the Galata Bridge whenever she passed. One day she gave him a pound by mistake for a penny. Having discovered her error she returned, but the beggar had gone. The next day was that beggar's "day off," but she managed by diligent inquiry to find his abode. The man was sitting in a comfortable house, well dressed and courteous. "Oh yes." he said "You gave me a pound yesterday. I thought it was a mistake. Give me the penny that you intended for me and I will give you back the pound." And he did.

Foreigners give to these beggars until they begin to find them out, and then they commonly resort to more systematic methods of charity, giving freely for the really needy whose case has been investigated, but utterly refusing to give to the professionals. As a result—and this illustrates one of the curious phases of Western influence upon the Oriental—the foreigner is understood by the people at large to have no compassion. I have often heard a native say to a beggar who was ringing at the door of a foreigner's house. "Don't wait there. It is an English house. They never give alms."

Constantinople has multitudes of occupations as squalid in their real unprofitableness as that of the Beggars' Guild. But these fall rather in the class of contrasts than of contacts with the busi-

ness life of the West. Greater contrast can hardly be imagined than is found between the European business houses of Galata, on the one hand, with their commodious comfort; their desks, chairs, writing machines, file-cases and other paraphernalia of a prompt and accurate business system, and on the other hand the cramped quarters of native merchants. For the latter have as the only roomy thing about the place, the arm chair for the head of the firm, built wide enough to receive his feet as well as the rest of his person. They shun desks as inventions of the evil one for the mislaying of papers which can far more readily be found when carried about in a leather hand-bag. And they do their writing by resting the paper upon the palm of the hand unless they have employed clerks educated by Europeans, and therefore able to handle paper on a desk or table when preparing the correspondence of the firm.

The Turk accustomed to the little open stalls which answer for shops in the native city beyond the Golden Horn, is fairly dazed at the magnificence of the shops of Pera, the European district. He never ceases to wonder at their roomy interiors, their space for everything, making it unnecessary for stockings and ribbons and laces and Berlin wools to be kept in the same box. He is astounded at the broad counters for the display of goods, at the masses of decorative material sacrificed for the show windows, and particularly

at the use of plate glass, fit for the palace of a king, to shut in the shop front. The most reckless of native merchants will not venture to use glass larger than ten inches by twelve for his shop front. He would feel unprotected behind plate glass.

In the European part of the city there is spaciousness and thoughtful provision of conveniences based on the assurance that the customer will pay for them. In the Asiatic districts of Stamboul is contrasting narrowness of limited expectation, and the repellent tokens of distrust in mankind. This contrast rarely impresses the Turk to the degree of dissatisfaction with his own methods. There are cases where Mohammedan shop-keepers who have Christian clerks have embellished and enlarged their quarters. The Greeks and Armenians who are in trade, generally copy from the Western merchants, if their shops are not hidden in the recesses of the native quarters. But to adopt as a rule a business system of which the principle is frugal self-denial in personal expenses coupled with lavish expeditures in business, would overthrow the philosophy of the whole life. Generally the most accomplished for the Turk by bringing him to see such fruits of Western civilization is to draw from him ejaculations of amazement at the fidelity with which the devil helps his followers of the West, or at the inscrutable Providence which denies like luxury to the servants of God. And the rumour goes out

to all parts of the Empire; and in Kourdish tents on the Eastern highlands you may hear the children instructed that the reason why Frankish goods are elegant is that the devil walks openly in Frankistan to teach the people.

But the Turk can understand lavish expenditure for pleasure. The amusements of the city therefore promise to bring him upon the same ground as the European. The simplicity of the recreations of this city excites quick sympathy. An evening walk in the Mohammedan districts during the fast of Ramazan, when all of every night seems to be devoted to enjoyment, will show the Turk's idea of amusement. All of the hundreds of mosques in the city are illuminated and have the balconies of their minarets crusted over with lamps. Where a mosque is large enough to have two or more minarets, ropes stretched between the minarets bear lamps suspended in artistic arrangement so as to form pious texts or other pleasing decorations which sway in the breeze high above the heads of the people.

The shops are open and brilliantly lighted. Whatever there is in the city at the moment in the way of foreign importation for pleasure, whether it is theatre, circus, cinametograph or menagerie, is brought to the Mohammedan districts of the city for the delectation of the faithful and their encouragement in religious observances. Such outside attractions are deemed especially useful in a time of religious mortification since the

relaxation of the night assists endurance of the stringency of the day.

The sidewalks are covered with chairs or low stools for such as prefer to watch the throng while comfortably smoking or eating ice-cream. The lack of street lamps in those streets which are off from the main thoroughfares is supplied by the enterprise of coffee-house keepers. Every twenty or thirty feet these public benefactors have driven into the pavement a short rough stake, on the top of which is fixed a glass lantern with flaring candles. A constant stream of men, women, and children, laughing and happy, is moving along the road way unterrified by the multitude of horses, carriages and crowded street cars. The people know that if harm comes to any pedestrian by collision with a vehicle, the driver will not only be arrested but will be well beaten by the police before his case is investigated at the police station.

Street vendors fill the air with their plaintive but not unmusical cries. Baskets of peaches, melons and cucumbers (which latter are to be eaten as one would eat a stick of molasses candy) jostle trays of green walnuts, unroasted peanuts or roasted pumpkin seeds, or respectfully make way for perambulating tubs of ice-cream that swing from a yoke on the shoulders of the most cavernous-lunged man in the crowd. Each class of edibles is presented by the man whose inventive genius has discovered the particular phrase most

likely to arouse desire in all hearers to partake of the proffered viands. Even the sellers of ice-water shout with the frankest seriousness, "Water of Life! Who wishes to renew his heart? Here is water of Life to restore the soul?" Hand-organs and hurdy-gurdies hired for the night by enterprising coffee-shops, fill the air with mellifluous repetitions of their limited score.

One coffee-shop is filled with the members of a local fire-company who have turned it for the moment into a private club house. They are a stalwart band of young fellows dressed in white, with bare legs and bare arms, and with throats and brawny chests fully open to the air. The badge of their type is the gaily coloured cotton handkerchief which the Turk of the city winds about his red cap when he feels particularly wicked, and intends to act up to the feeling. These young men have a private band of their own. There are two kettle drums hung across the operator's knee, and beaten with a leathern strap; there is an earthenware jar, having its bottom replaced by a tight drumhead on which the musician beats with both hands; there is a sort of flageolet which gives forth a tone distressingly nasal and most penetrating in quality, and there is a French horn. This band plays a few bars in a minor strain, vivacious in movement and mighty in volume. Then it ceases, and one of the young fellows, with his *fez* set on the very back of his head, lifts up his voice in a love ditty

sung to the same tune, but in the slowest possible time. The effect on the audience is that of one of Madame Sembrich's solos in the Metropolitan Opera house. Passers in the street pause at the door to enjoy the emotions of that song, and the performance will continue for hours without variation.

A little farther along, a thousand people are packed in a large garden by the roadside, smoking *narguilehs* or sipping coffee and iced sherbets while listening to a chorus of Armenian singers established on a band-stand in the centre. These men sing love songs in unison and always *fortissimo,* accompanying themselves on violin, guitar and mandolin. The cost of the evening's amusement is ridiculously small. A man chooses the place where he will enjoy himself, sits in that place until he has enjoyed himself, if it takes hours, and when he pays the bill for his entertainment it will be six or eight cents. The quiet good-nature of every one in the crowd is most noteworthy. There is no liquor visible, and there is no fighting. Or if there is liquor and fighting it is kept out of sight in places to which people who like such things go apart from the crowd and consume their own smoke, as it were. The police circulate, but it is not to protect men against each other, but to see that no one dares to criticise the Government administration.

As to entertainments at home, the Turk frankly and openly makes his table a place to eat—not a

GEUK SOU (Family parties out for the day)

IN A COFFEE SHOP

place to talk. He makes up for the absence of women from the table where he entertains his guests by the lavishness of its other gratifications. For what are good things made, if not to be enjoyed? As you enter the house you are welcomed by the host, who, if he has not had previous dealings with foreigners, will probably invite you "to undress for dinner." Without removing the coat, vest, and trowsers of exterior and official life, no Turk can be at ease. He supposes that the European escapes from the closely fitting garments of the outer world as eagerly as himself. One is expected to remove, besides these outer garments, collar and cuffs, and shoes and stockings. A servant stands near with a robe of the feast, made out of coloured chintz, or possibly of curtain cretonne. It is a loose open gown that falls from the neck straight away to the feet. It has no buttons, but is caught together at the waist by a decorative girdle. Thus enveloped you are equipped for the efforts of the table; merely thrusting your bare feet into slippers as you leave the room to go downstairs. The table is a copper tray set on a low stool. Around this table the guests take position on the floor, which has been cushioned for the rite. The round form of the table prevents disagreeable questions of precedence and position, and all present are on an equality; the equality of desire for palate-tickling viands.

In the centre of the table are fifteen or twenty

small dishes containing various delicacies, such as preserved rose leaves, caviar, dried mutton-chips, cherry jam, cheese, grape jelly, sardines, and the like. Around the edge of the table are fragments of spiced rusk which each guest dips into any dish that suits his fancy. And if with his thumb he picks out a plum, so much the better for him. A slight skirmish with these appetizers prepares the way for the real business of the hour. The soup is a thick *pureè* which defies analysis of its contents save for its liberal surface dressing of olive oil. Aside from that single dish, the *menu* is not distasteful in any of its parts. It is thirteen courses long. As a whole it might be criticised, since it has intensely sweet dishes and meats and vegetables in regular alternation, while each course is served in a single dish in which all may dip their sop of bread or their prehensile finger tips.

At the beginning of the dinner each member of the party is supplied with a pewter fork and a highly ornamented horn spoon, much as the steerage people on an Atlantic liner are supplied at the beginning of the voyage with the table ware which is to last them through all the emergencies of the trip. These implements the diner-out uses as taste or fancy may dictate; and if a case arises beyond the scope of fork or spoon alone, the fingers are expected to come into action to secure control of any savoury but refractory morsel

which the central dish offers to the competition of the party.

We have here a system of feeding which removes constraint and favours intimacy. But conversation does not flourish at one of these dinner tables. Caressing ejaculations of approval of any peculiarly tasty bit, or full-mouthed reminiscences of previous experiences called up by some culinary master-piece, or polite entreaty to one's neighbour not to neglect the opportunity of the moment, form the staple chat of the dinner hour. That hour is to the Turk a time of serious concentration. To do full justice to the meal he rolls up his loose sleeves because of the activity needed when each companion of the table is in some degree a rival of all others. He views the meal from a purely carnal stand-point, and would be annoyed if there were anything to distract attention from the food. His culture and good heart is shown by his invitation to others to participate in his pleasure. Were he not good at heart he might retire to a corner and growl unutterable threats over his dinner, as a cat or a dog would do.

After the absorbing labour of eating, the washing of hands is essential. This is accomplished before the guests leave the table. A single ewer and basin answers the purpose for all. This ancient prototype of the finger bowl is presented with a towel to each guest in turn. So ends the

business-like function. At the same time the devout phrase "In the name of God the Merciful and the Compassionate" with which the meal is begun and ended, suggests a simplicity of recognition of divine providence in every meal which can hardly fail to soften criticism of the peculiarities by which Turkish customs of the table are distinguished from our own.

After dinner one may spend some time in the garden, which is always made much of by the Turk, even if city requirements give him but a square rod. Or it is quite a usual thing to go into a neighbouring coffee-shop and have a game of backgammon or of cards while taking the usual coffee and smoke. Some idea of the coffee-shops has already been given in this chapter. It may be added in this connection however that the coffee house that is not upon a great thoroughfare becomes a sort of club-house for the residents of the neighbourhood. There they regularly meet to exchange views and to while away an hour or so between evening prayers and bed. One of the features which the Turkish coffee-shop has gained from contact with the Western style of amusements is that few of them now fail to have beer and cognac upon their bill of fare, the latter being served to Mohammedans in a discreet coffee cup in order to save appearances.

Another amusement which has been introduced from Europe is the theatre. It is told as a rather good story of the American missionaries in

Scutari, the Asiatic centre of Constantinople, that a few years after the missionary post was established there, a large ungainly structure was erected upon a vacant lot not far away. The new building was singular even for Constantinople. It was made entirely of unplaned boards, had no windows, and had several staircases running up outside of its wall. The building aroused the curiosity of one of the missionaries and in the course of an afternoon walk he visited the place, and made some inquiry as to the uses to which the building was to be put. "Oh," replied the owner of the land, very much pleased at the interest shown by a foreign gentleman in his enterprise. "This is a theatre,—I hope that you will not fail to come over every evening and we shall be very glad to name it in your honour." So the theatre had a great sign put up over the door with the inscription "The American Theatre" in French and Turkish, and Armenian, and Greek, and Hebrew letters.

Theatres in the European part of the city do not need particular description. They are very much like theatres elsewhere, and the company is commonly imported from France or Germany, as are the plays. But a theatre in the Turkish part of the city is always a vast shed, constructed at the least possible expense and with the least possible provision for comfort. The stage is decorated, and the curtain is a work of art entirely original and unique. So are the plays. The

troupe is generally of native talent, and the advantage of hearing a tragedy as rendered by a native troupe is that it is quite impossible to restrain laughter during the proceedings. Some of the plays are comic, and of these such as deal with commercial knavery are often really good. But love, blood, deep laid plots on the part of the hero against the peace of the villain are the necessary staples of the Turkish stage. One of the play-bills will give an impression of the interminable nature of these entertainments:

"The Ottoman Theatre will be open to the public on the evening of Wednesday, that is to say, the night of Thursday next. The celebrated troop of M. Dikran, the Armenian, will play. English acrobats will perform feats hitherto seen in no other part of the world. There will be an operetta of ten acts, with songs by actresses. There will also be a pantomime of three acts. The performance on this occasion being for the benefit of the public, no tickets will be required."

The slight uncertainty which appears respecting the day of this performance arises from the fact that the Mohammedan day begins at sunset, so that Wednesday evening coincides with the beginning of the night of Thursday. The theatre is one of the institutions which Turks have derived from contact with the West. It is hardly necessary to say that the place is crowded with both men and women at every performance.

With all its defects the Turkish theatre is a

power. The capital cities of some of the provinces of the empire receive from it their sole effective impression of what the Western world is. The poorest of the native companies and the worst of their plays are taken to cities of the interior and put on the boards. Then the local papers will congratulate the people that Brousa or Adrianople, or Konia, as the case may be, is assuming the characteristics of a European city, for a theatre has now been established.

Visitors at Constantinople rarely fail to visit the Sweet Waters, or Geuk Sou, and remember the beautiful little river and the multitude of boats and the masses of people enjoying themselves on the grass. Such expeditions to places where natural beauty is the chief attraction form another favourite recreation of the people of the city. Rarely do we find a people more truly lovers of nature—of fine scenery, of pure air and gurgling water, of the songs of birds, and of the colour-songs which earth sends out in the form of trees and gay flowers. These little expeditions which the people make are the only recreations in which the family is found enjoying itself as a unit.

Under magnificent plane trees, or in cool groves of oak and chestnut the people place themselves by families upon mats furnished by the ubiquitous coffee-shop man. On these mats, spread upon the ground within sight of some stream, or of the sea, the Turk will sit for hours,

finding great delight in the pure air, the gracious foliage, the music of unwonted birds, and the prattle of his women and his children. To an American, "refreshments" may imply drinks that exhilarate, or at the very least that have "fizz" in them, and food of substantial quality. The Turk who is out for a picnic, has for his refreshment water from some favourite spring, (of which the brand is as carefully tested as though it were champagne) and coffee. For food he has bread and cheese or olives or dried fish, and fruit. A water-pipe (narguileh), and cigarettes which he makes himself fill out the list of his requirements at such a place. His whole excitement is in the beauty of nature and in the dress and the manners of assembled human-kind. As the day wears away the men will mingle more together, chatting or singing love-ditties with evident delight in their own vocal powers. The women meanwhile wander sedately over neighbouring hillsides to gather flowers, while the children frolic in herds upon the grass. The end of the day finds the whole family quite as thoroughly refreshed by their outing as if they had spent the day in circus or drinking house, or in amusements like those that delight the heart of the Coney Islander.

One peculiarity of the out-door recreations of the Turk emphasizes their contrast with those of the West. All of such recreations easily fall in with the requirements of religious duty. It is

very common to see the men at one of these family outings withdraw a little from the hum of the crowd that they may give time to worship. The quiet spot which they select commonly shows the Asiatic love to make "high places" places of prayer. On the top of a hill they will align themselves facing in the direction of Mecca, and then they will go through the genuflections of the Muslim cult with a relish which is perfectly unmistakable. After performing the prescribed number of bowings and kneelings, they return to their friends with a clear conscience. As to the Christians of the Eastern Church, the common folk yet untaught by Europeans, amuse themselves with picnics much as do the Mohammedans. Since the most of their holidays are connected with church festivals, their resort is often in the neighbourhood of some country church or holy fountain for these simple festivities which last through the whole day. The visit to the church with a few moments spent in prayer before its altar is as much a part of the privilege of the day as is the enjoyment of the shade of the trees, the balmy air of the open country, and the mingling in the sociable crowd which is lounging out its holiday.

On noting the natural and matter of course way in which religious observances are brought into the midst of the recreations of the people, one is apt to conclude that this religious element must bar out excess from such enjoyments.

Closer vision shows, however, another curiosity. Pious Oriental Christians come out of the church on such an occasion to gamble on the gravestones of the churchyard, or to use the convenient flat surface of monuments to the virtues of the departed, as a stand for the bottles and glasses of a disgraceful drinking bout. Pious Mohammedans too, come from their prayers on the hilltop to indulge in the vulgar intrigues for which such a gathering in the open country offers suitable moments, or to laugh over the infamies of the "*Kara Giuz*" marionettes, or to applaud the professional storyteller whose tales depend for success upon their obscenity, or to feast the eyes on the gyrations of gypsy dancing women whose exhibition of lasciviousness on the Midway Plaisance at Chicago, left marks upon our own people that have not been, and will not be easily removed. In Turkey, the fact that a man prays is no gauge of his moral character. Still, one must admit that when contact with Europeans, who do not pray while they are amusing themselves, has eliminated this curious habit of the Orientals, progress has been made toward abolishing some vestiges of moral restraint.

Another mode of recreation used by the Turks of Constantinople, and enjoyed with all the thrills known by the boy who slinks away from home for a stolen hour of delight at a forbidden circus, is a visit to the amusements of the European portion of the city. The native part of the city

is organized upon the theory that the day is done when the sun sets. Excepting during the month of fasting, when day and night exchange places, Turks do not commonly appear on the streets after the last of the five hours of prayer—an hour or so after dusk. But the European part of the city begins its daily recreation with the hours of darkness, and the Turk who ventures into Pera and Galata at that time feels that he is truly within the veil, with that mysterious thing called civilization.

During two hundred years, Europeans, often notable for refinement and culture, and since the Crimean War of 1856, considerable in numbers, have lived in Constantinople surrounded as far as possible by the requirements of their own various types of civilization. They constitute a colony, living under the protection of the curious treaty privilege of extra-territoriality, which, to the European in any Asiatic domain is what the air helmet is to the diver working in deep waters. In this European colony are many men who stand head and shoulders—in point of morals—above the Turks who style them infidel dogs. There are men whose word is sacred under all circumstances, and whose sturdy manliness might act directly to break up the Mohammedan prejudice against Christianity. But there are also in this colony numbers of Europeans who make the name of Christianity a byword by their profligate lives. And there are large numbers of Europeans

in this colony who are not really Europeans at all, but who give, in the eyes of the Turks, character to the whole body, because they are the only part of the colony with which a middle-class Turk can enter into intimate relations.

These are the half-bloods, such as throng the outskirts of every European colony in Asia. They are the somewhat nondescript offspring of European fathers and native mothers. These "Levantines" dress as Europeans, and have European passports. They translate the alert and active bearing of the European into a swagger that is peculiar to themselves, and that imposes itself on the simplicity of the Oriental as a token of greatness. They browbeat the natives in virtue of their superiority, they converse in polyglot fluency, pursue amusement as the European does not, and they often lie and cheat with as clean a conscience as any native. When they go to Europe they are eyed askance as "Greeks" in the clubs and the gambling houses to which they find admittance. In Constantinople the average Levantine may be studied any day in the coffee houses of the Petit Champs of Pera, which he frequents as the Venetian does the Piazza of St. Mark's, because there one may receive one's friends without expense for hospitality. He also has among his amusements the club, because English civilization demands it. There he gambles for high stakes, because Italian civilization demands the thrill of appeals to chance. He has

also the theatre and the concert hall, because French civilization demands the society drama and the singing of girls as a set-off and accompaniment to light tippling. He has also the beer garden in all its forms because German civilization requires that the pleasures of life shall be mixed with beer. At specified times he has to go out hunting, and mentions the fact as a solemn duty done. If he has a fraction of a drop of English blood in his veins he pays penalty in unseemly and wearisome exertion on the cricket field, the golf links, or in the stern of a sail boat which he calls a yacht. Intellectual pleasures do not flourish in such soil and the Levantine is out of his element in a moment if any one broaches a subject of conversation outside of the celebrated Levantine Quadrilateral of Society, Shop, The Turk, and the Table: Society—that is to say, womankind and amusement; Shop—namely the conditions and incidents of trade; The Turk—including the daily bulls and delicious absurdities of Government officials; and The Table—the art of producing savoury meats, drinks, and smokes.

The afternoon of the Levantine brings out carriages full of ladies and gentlemen, and sends them spinning over the hills toward the Sweet Waters of Europe, or far up the road toward Buyukderè. The reputation of Constantinople for its hodge podge of races is justified by study of the types seen in any gathering of the ladies of the European colony. There is the long-fea-

tured, fair-haired English woman, who clings to the London cut of her dress, notwithstanding its power to attract the astonished eyes of all other nations; there is the stout and crimson German woman, with her fondness for startling buttons; there is the slight and smiling French woman, serene in the midst of a colour scheme harmoniously worked out to the tips of her dainty shoes. There is the Italian woman, black of hair and brilliant of eye, who loves to introduce into her neat dress discords of gold chains, and a hat always too ambitious. There is the buxom brunette of an Armenian, with full lips and too full a nose, and there is the Greek, most celebrated of all the southern peoples for features that are irregular, a voice that is mellow, and eyes that have a special glaze upon them for concealing thought behind a crystal promise of frankness.

If there is a woman in all the crowd less liable than any other to find acceptance as a type of beauty in feature or in complexion, for some mysterious reason that woman is sure to be a Greek from Athens. But next to her is the Levantine, who is colourless in her complexion and composite in her features, who assures you that she is English, or French, or Italian, but who knows no environment save that of Pera, although she can talk to you in French or English or Italian or Greek or Turkish, and in either language shows by her accent that it is not quite her own. She too will never venture in her con-

versation outside of the safe limits of the Levantine quadrilateral, devised to avoid giving offence to unknown and incomputable susceptibilities.

The principle of assuming the existence of difficulties unknown and unknowable in a medley of races, limits the character of the social life of Pera. This life is like that in a house where visitors unacquainted with each other have been brought together and must be amused by such devices as the hostess commands. It is marked by a frenzied pursuit of amusements known to be found in every country. One cannot give a dinner party without having it followed by a ball, and preferably a ball in costume or in masque, and as the Turk bent on a tour of exploration among the curiosities of Pera, discovers that Pera ladies, are ogled by lines of young men as they come out of the church of Santa Maria, or gently carried to the ball in Sedan chairs through the narrow streets, he fancies that in this tenderness toward woman he has seen the source of the peculiar power of the European to push his affairs, to succeed in business, and to live in what seems like limitless luxury. Perhaps he has.

But the Turk finds after a little that in the sphere of European Society in Pera all laws of behaviour can be violated with impunity, since on encountering dubious conduct or a coat of doubtful cut, no one can criticise, lest it prove to be legitimate custom with some of the many nationalities here brought into contact. The result

is a moral anarchy in the foreign colony at Constantinople which can hardly be paralleled elsewhere. The confusion produced in the mind of a Turk by this state of things was shown not long since by so small a thing as a duel which took place at Constantinople. A Levantine with an English pedigree and an English passport, not having had the opportunity of studying English practice in such matters, was misled into the idea that having had a quarrel with a Russian over a chorus girl in the theatre, English standards of manliness demanded that he should fight a duel in defence of his honour. The local police got wind of the affair; but not being informed as to whether duelling is a sacred right under the religious system of Christendom, and fearing that at the least the privilege may be secured to Europeans under the treaties of extra-territoriality, they dared not act. Finally the British consulate requested the Turkish police to arrest the pugnacious English subject. So they deployed along the shores of the Bosphorus to prevent the duel thus made illegal. The two men, however, camped out one night in a garden on the upper Bosphorus, and at the peep of day took boat for the Asiatic shore. The perfect courtesy of their bearing toward each other deceived the police and gave the duellists the time necessary for their purpose. Before the belated police arrived from Europe, the Muslim villagers of Asia had received a lesson in the manners of Christian gentle-

men. For the Levantine Englishman ran the Russian through the abdomen in the presence of seconds in a perfectly honourable manner, and then taking to his heels he escaped to a Greek steamer, where he was safe from the researches of the Turkish police.

The native Christian can form somewhat of a correct impression as to the evil and the good in the European colony. Thus the effect upon him of an influence that is immoral is hardly more than its effect upon a man dwelling among people of his own social customs. If he is inclined to welcome the influence he is harmed, but if he is inclined to rule himself he is not carried away by the weight of a foreigner's dominating personality. With the Turk there is no such power of discrimination. He may see one of the strong true men found in the European colony in Pera, but he can no more draw near to him than to a king. Such men do not frequent the Casino or Concert Hall. If they sometimes appear at the theatre, it is not to mingle in the crowd in the lobbies. They pass by the average Turk without even seeing him. If some phase of business courtesy forces them to notice him, they talk to him politely enough, but never for long. There is nothing so marked in the society of the European quarter at Pera of Constantinople as the lack of subjects for real conversation. No possible theme of common interest can exist unless it be the scandals of the day. An educated Eng-

lishman meets a Turk in that society. If the Turk is old, his culture has led him into the Persian and Arabian writers of antiquity. If he is young, Zola and a lesser host of the same school of French writers have been his delight. The Englishman has had little benefit of either source of inspiration. There the two men are, stranded after a few common-places, and they flee to more congenial company at the first good opportunity.

With rare exceptions the result of this state of affairs is that the Turk, if in official position, rubs shoulders with the best part of the European colony without really knowing one of them, or if he is in common life he merely looks at them afar off. In either case the European with whom the Turk comes into real contact is the profligate one—the one who to whom the Turk might perhaps teach morals, or else it is the half-blood Levantine who poses as a European on the strength of his right to wear a hat. The idea of the Western civilization received by the Turk from either of these is that it centres about wine, women, and the roulette table. If he had before no tendency to haunt the drinking houses and brothels of Pera, the Turk gets the impulse to do so from the " Europeans " whom he has met, and that very rapidly makes an end of him.

Civilization represented by Western commercial enterprise and isolated from religious principle has been in contact with the people of Con-

stantinople for many many years. Since the Crimean War it has had untrammelled sway. Some of the externals of environment have benefited from this contact. Individuals may sometimes have been lifted out of the quagmires of the mass of the population by glimpses of what manhood really is. But there is no question as to the general result. The result has been the moral deterioration of the city, and the strengthening of the repulsion felt by Turks toward the West. One of the leading Turkish papers of Constantinople dealt with this subject not long ago. It said that the one positive influence of Western civilization is against faith in God and in favour of drunkenness and debauchery. It pointed to the great number of disorderly houses in Pera, which engulf and destroy large numbers of Mohammedan youth, and it declared in open terms that the family life of Europeans living in Pera is such as to lead to the supposition that marital fidelity is not known there. "We want none of this Christian civilization," said the Turk.

The syndicate of European officials who constitute the Administrators of the Turkish Public Debt, have multiplied several fold the places in Constantinople where liquor is sold. They are proud of this, for it has added to the revenues derived from the tax on liquors and has brought dividends to the holders of Turkish bonds. But it is worthy of note that during two hundred years of commercial intercourse between the Turkish

people and civilized Europe, the mercantile colonists living in Constantinople in all the splendour of superior culture, enterprise and business success, have not once tried to do anything for the improvement of the minds or the morals of the native population, whether Mohammedan or Christian. It was the missionary spirit in Roman Catholic and Protestant churches which first gave the city schools that could teach and school books which children could understand.

This is nothing surprising. The Western merchant living at Constantinople has his own interests to consider. Why should he trouble himself about the moral state or material condition of the people who buy his goods? If he is a good man he will do them no harm while building up his fortune among them. If he is a bad man it is their misfortune that he ceases to be a merely passive force and hinders their rise in the scale of humanity by adding his mite toward debauching their minds or by infuriating them toward Christianity through his intemperate greed.

There is truth in the merchant's view of the case, and it ought once for all to fix in mind the helplessness of civilization as such, when isolated from connection with religious principle, in the matter of raising any people out of a submerged condition. Civilization as represented by commerce has no motive for trying to lift the fallen. But its emissaries often, when removed from the restraints of Western society, suffer their own

selfishness to be a motive for thrusting down to perdition any native wretch who trusts himself to their direction.

That love for mankind and concern for its well-being which is taught by Jesus Christ makes the difference between the aggressive civilization which acts automatically to elevate the backward races with which it comes in contact, and the passive civilization of which the best that can be said is that it is helpless to lift them. We must therefore turn sadly away from the hope that mere civilization is the redeeming force which will raise the people of this city to the place of importance in the world which they might hold. Meanwhile reports of what Constantinople deems the useful part of Christian civilization are carried to the ends of the empire and even to Central Asia by every train and steamer and caravan. On this showing in remote places straightway the foolish begin to imitate what is imitable (and therefore the worst) of what has been described to them, while the wise are hardened and made more bitter in their natural repulsion toward everything spoken to them as in the voice of the West.

From the midst of this rather gloomy view of the moral effects of the meeting of East and West at Constantinople one fact of some value has emerged. The Turk does select for imitation some of the fruits of Western civilization after holding them at the point of the bayonet until

he is satisfied that they can be made to serve his own views of the pursuit of happiness. The value of this fact appears when we find that Western education is one of the things which is being slowly and timorously imitated in Turkey. The subject of education in Turkey is important enough to call for a chapter by itself.

VI

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL TEACHERS

BEFORE pith hats had been imported from India, Europeans residing in Constantinople used in summer to wind white turbans about their straw hats in order to break the force of the sun's rays. They then found themselves treated with marked consideration by the common people. There was some mystery about the subtle homage and about a tendency to refer questions to them for decision. Then it came out that the people were calling them "Well read people" *(okoumoush)*. The white turban had been taken by the populace to have the same significance when worn by foreigners as when used by Turks. In Constantinople it is what the square mortar-board cap is in Oxford. It is the only gauge by which common folk can measure the profundities of one who has delved in books. It therefore commands the respect which knowledge of bookish mysteries always evokes among people who have heard of its power.

The importance placed upon learning by the Turkish people is emphasized by the special ceremonies which mark the commencement of the

scholastic career of a child. One may sometimes meet in the streets of the city a procession of thirty or forty little boys and girls. The girls are in front, with their bright coloured robes and their gay head-dresses of gauze shining through the veils which are loosely thrown over their heads. The boys follow, in the more sober dress of those who have to bear the responsibilities of life. A man in flowing robes, and wearing a white or a green turban, heads the procession—perhaps leading one of the smaller girls by the hand. Some of the children are singing, or rather chanting, an Arabic hymn, and at a sign from the teacher in front, all shout with full voice the word "Amin!"

Following the singing children comes the innocent cause of this demonstration. On the back of a gaily caparisoned horse or perhaps a fine white donkey, is a boy or a girl of five or six years with fat little legs stuck out at the sides of the beast. The child is dressed in gala clothes, and carries a satchel of gold-embroidered velvet over its shoulder, while one or two attendants walk by the side of the steed to reassure the rider and to carry a bundle containing some simple present for the teacher. The latter gentleman, turning back occasionally from his position as leader of the procession under pretence of keeping watch over the ranks, eyes this bundle with expectant curiosity. After the new pupil has thus been escorted by the school to the halls of

learning, there is a distribution of sweets to the whole party, and then the work of the day begins. This is the "Schooling Ceremony." It exalts the gravity of the new life which takes the child from the mother's side, and so helps to make the child content to begin it.

At great State functions in Constantinople there is a more public exhibition of respect for learning. One will see the grandees of the empire pass in procession. But the military and civil Pashas, in uniform covered with gold lace and profusely decorated with various orders of merit or renown, make no such impression upon the spectator as do the Ulema.* To them also the soldiers present arms. They, too ride on horseback. But the saddle-cloths are severely free from decoration. Instead of gold-embroidered uniform they wear the long green or black robe of ancient Asiatic usage, and their heads are crowned with the plain white turban of the schools. Some of the most important of them wear a band of gold lace wound in the folds of the white turban, and most of them have one or two tinkling orders attached to their gowns. But few of them would condescend to accept the title of Pasha. Their knowledge is their title. The reason of their position of honour in the procession is the profound learning which has enabled

* The word Ulema is plural of Alim, which means One who Knows. The Ulema, then, are simply the Wise Men of the Empire.

them to speak authoritatively upon social, political and religious questions. Their share in the pageant represents the homage of the Turkish nation to knowledge.

The foreigner, on seeing the place given to the Ulema by the Turks and on hearing that their education is chiefly religious, naturally calls them the priests of Islam. But Mohammedans resent this. They declare that Islam has no priests. In the statement of Mohammedan doctrine quoted in the second chapter, it will be remembered that the Sheikh ul Islam insists that no man can intervene between man and his God. He thus strikes at what is offensive to Mohammedans in the usages of Christians, whose priests assume to be the only channel by which one can learn God's will and gain sure access to Him.

At every Mohammedan mosque there is an Imam who acts as leader of the devotions of the people and officiates as their pastor at weddings and funerals and in settling minor disputes. But this man is not a priest in any Western sense of the word. In one of the smaller mosques he may be an artisan. A picture which lingers in my memory is that of a white-bearded, peaceful-visaged man sitting in a cell of the cloisters at a little mosque in Constantinople. He was cross-legged on a cushioned floor by a sort of low platform built under the window opposite to the door of entrance, and was binding a book. The setting sun, shooting level rays across the room

from the narrow grated window, gilded the dark brown hair of a little girl of ten, who sat close by intently watching her father as he fitted the leather cover upon the book. Neither the old man, nor the child who was wrapt in his skilful work, noticed the step of the stranger.

That group had picturesque value. I paused to note the striking effect of sunlight and heavy shadow on that vaulted room and its appurtenances—the calmly contented old man in his long under-robe of pink striped cotton, the sweet-faced girl in her gown of pale blue gauze, and the rough wooden clamps for holding the book, the gilding pad, the wheels for tool work on the leather, the flat-headed hammer, the knives for leather-trimming, with the slab of porphyry used as a whet-stone after having served to decorate the rooms of the Porphyrogeniti of the Byzantine Empire. Then I spoke to the old man, and was received with a courtesy which barely covered his surprise at being tracked to his workshop by a foreign wanderer. This was the Imam of that little mosque and its parish.

Although the Imam is the leader of worship and the pastor of the congregation of a mosque, the man who there receives the highest honour is the *Muderris,* or teacher, whose office it is to lecture on religious duty in the mosque upon specified days. The Muderris is one of the Ulema, which the Imam is not. He is salaried by the Government to teach religion to the people. He

sits cross-legged in his pulpit or on a raised dais on the floor of the mosque, and there he dogmatizes, without fear of rejoinder or question from the people who sit cross-legged in a circle about him. Turks will tell you that the man's influence is solely the influence of education, and that the possession of knowledge is what the people respect. At the same time these Ulema do claim the sole right of expounding the way of salvation, and they narrow the uses of intellectual gifts to defence of their ancient sources of revenue in gold or in power. Here at least they show the external signs of priestcraft.

The schools of these Ulema, or Wise Men, who say they are not priests and yet act like them, were until within a generation the only educational establishments of the empire, if we except the schools of the pages carried on within the Sultan's palace for training courtiers. The aim of these schools is to raise up for the people instructors in practical religion, who shall at the same time solve the problems of the people, like Moses when he used to "judge between one and another and make known to them the statutes of God and his laws." The scope of the schools includes the nature and attributes of God, all the acts, relations and interests of man during life, the disposition of his body and soul after death, and, what may be thought more difficult, the division of his property among those who survive. The schools might be classed as schools of

Law if they studied a code. They might be called schools of Sociology if scientifically based on experience and dealing with rules applicable to any besides Muslims. What they study is the Koran and the obligations of men who believe in it, evolving these obligations from the example and the oral teachings of the Prophet Mohammed as explained by the learned men who have studied such questions from the beginning of Islam. The opinions of these learned men rival the Talmud in keenness and fancifulness of argument and in hair-splitting delicacy of casuistry. What these schools produce therefore is a body of men who are necessarily legal experts, and whose chief attribute is that of the Judge. In practice the decisions of these judges have the weight and possibly the scope of theological dogmas.

A type of schools of this class is the great Medresse * of Al Azhar at Cairo, which is familiar to all travellers. It is said of the Cairo Medresse that the students there studying are preparing to be missionaries of Islam. The statement is due to a misunderstanding. Men taught at any school of the Ulema go forth, according to ability, as teachers, scribes, lawyers or judges. They are the " Pillars of Religion," and are supported by the Religious Endowment Funds

* Medresse means place of teaching, and is the name applied in Turkey to such schools as distinguished from more modern schools of secular science.

wherever they are sent, and they teach diligently wherever they go. But the missionary idea, as understood in the West, does not exist in Islam. It impels one to seek to better the condition of men through pity or love. The attitude of Islam toward unbelievers is that of scorn and even of anger for stupid obstinacy.

I once asked a member of the Ulema why Mohammedan missionaries are not sent out to convert the nations. The pious Turk made a reply which recalled that of the Baptist minister who thought to silence Carey, although characteristically it excluded the idea of eternal profit to the heathen through conversion. "Man," said he, "the religion of every human being, born or to be born, is written on the Reserved Tablets by the hand of God. Those who are Muslim are so because the Most High wrote 'Islam' upon the egg from which they came. Those who are not Muslim are misbelievers by Divine decree from the foundation of the world. Though prophets came to call them to the faith, they would not hear. Of course it is our duty to see that the faith is taught wherever there are Muslims, for all Muslims need instruction in the truth. But the winning of the people of Islam was done before you or I were born."

Schools of the Ulema are found in many of the large towns of Asiatic Turkey, and many students get no farther than the course of these smaller schools. There is no real grading of the

schools. But the higher schools are necessarily those in the larger cities. There are fully equipped Medresses at Cairo, Damascus, Aleppo, Brousa, and Adrianople, because these cities are reputed to have the highest legal ability in their courts. The Arabic speaking students frequent the first three of these on account of the difficulty of attending schools where students use Turkish. But the very highest of these schools of the Ulema are at Constantinople. Cairo alone pretends to rival the Medresses of this city. The largest of these schools at Constantinople are connected with the mosque of Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, the mosque of Sultan Bayazid, and the mosque of the Conqueror Sultan Mohammed II. From 10,000 to 15,000 students are at the mosque schools of the city all the time. They are regarded as a separate class of the population, and are called softas.

The usual form of the Medresse is a parallelogram enclosing an open court. The students' rooms are sometimes in two tiers, but all open upon a cloister which surrounds the central court. In the cloister the men sit on hot days, and even hear minor lectures there. The chief lectures, however, are given in suitable halls near the mosque or in the mosque itself. Instruction is free in these schools. Students also receive free lodging, and commonly a ration of bread from the Religious Endowment Fund. Occasional rations of soup are given out from the

same source. The ancient custom of "sending portions" from any family festival supplies them with some tidbits. Occasionally the Sultan sends a sheep or two to each of the Medresses, or has presents of money distributed among professors and students. During three months of the year many of the students in these schools at Constantinople are sent at State expense into the provinces for the religious instruction of the people in less cultured regions.

But at the best the life of the student is hard, particularly in the earlier years of his course. The young man in the interior of the country who sets out to become one of the Ulema, goes on foot to the nearest city where one of these schools exists. The beautiful custom of hospitable entertainment of strangers ensures him lodging and food during his journey at any village where he may stop. He goes to the school with little more of introduction than the words "I've come," and proceeds to sit down on his roll of bedding and listen. After a while some one notices him and perhaps gives him something to eat when mealtime comes. As for his bed he carries that with him and spreads it wherever he may. But he goes hungry many a day until he has found some professor who is willing to feed him in return for menial service, or until, by a process of gradual accretion, he has attached himself to the body of servants of some mosque, or has got his name registered, in consequence of real ability,

on the list of the beneficiaries of the Endowment Fund. One of these students told me that at times, as he expressed it, he "had to steal wheat from the ants who were carrying the grain to their nests."

The student does not stay at one school, but goes here and there according as he learns that some one study is better taught in one place than another. As he progresses in knowledge he can find writing to do, that gives him an income more sure than that of going to the woods to gather dye-stuffs for sale, as some students have to. Sometimes a wealthy villager will say to him as Micah did to the Levite of Bethlehem-Judah: "Dwell with me and be to me a father and a priest and I will give thee ten shekels of silver by the year and a suit of apparel and thy victuals." By such precarious methods the young man supports himself whether in the country or in the Capital. Perseverance carries him through ten or fifteen arduous years.

The desire for education thus shown is praiseworthy. But the point of view is always different in an Oriental from that of a Western man. One of these students explained to me that he had two thoughts in taking up this hard and trying life. First, he could escape conscription for military service by becoming a student, and second, he believed that books would give him knowledge of magic, which would offer easy access to power and wealth. He was studying in a school

at Suleimanieh on the borders of Persia when he heard that the prophet Daniel, whose reputation as a necromancer is great in Asia, wrote one of the books of the Bible. He went over into Persia and asked a missionary there for a copy of the Bible. Gaining his wish, he drew his dagger and cut out the book of Daniel from the Bible and fled, leaving the remains of the book on the table before the astonished missionary.

It has been mentioned already that these schools are quite separate from the public school system established by the Government. The primary school alone is common to both systems of education. Travellers and artists have made known before this the quality of the old primary school of Turkey. The teacher sat on a cushion at one end of the room and the children sat in front of him with their books, and shouted to him at the top of their lungs the words there written, which being in Arabic were entirely unintelligible to the poor little scholars. The main duty of the teacher was to see that each child shouted, and that the accent and enunciation were passable. After six or seven years of this kind of exercise, varied by efforts at writing the Arabic letters and perhaps by some ineffectual wrestling with simple arithmetical processes, the child was deemed educated, except for those boys of peculiar promise who were taken into the mosque schools to go on toward the goal of becoming "Wise men." Under the improved modern sys-

tem which has been a good result of intercourse with the West, the primary school has been somewhat changed. Children are really taught some things about reading, writing, and arithmetic. They still shout in chorus the passage from the Koran. But the chorus now has been swollen by the addition of the multiplication table. They still have much to do in the way of learning by heart things that they do not (and are not expected to) understand. Elocution is still regarded an essential part of primary instruction. But the primary school is no longer a thing to be laughed to scorn—at least in the city of Constantinople.

With the primary school instruction, or at most with the additional knowledge derived from a course in the next higher grade of the public school system the student enters a mosque school. The course of study in these latter schools is rather loosely organized, but it includes The Koran, Elocution, Arabic Grammar, Syntax, Rhetoric, Logic, Metaphysics, and Mohammedan doctrine, embracing Theology, Casuistry, and Moral Philosophy, and the whole vast range of Jurisprudence. Some attention is given to the Persian language, and History, Geography and some Mathematics are given in the later part of the course, but at the first the whole attention of the student is concentrated on the Koran and its interpretation.

The theory of the method of study seems to

be that reiteration will finally bring understanding, for students at Constantinople do not understand Arabic, in which the Koran is written. Many of the Softas commit the whole book to memory and can recite it forwards or backwards or beginning in the middle, and all without understanding the meaning of a verse. Many copy out the whole book in fine manuscript. While thus wrestling with the text, they attend lectures where learned professors give them the exegesis of the various passages. These gentlemen mingle critical and grammatical notes with the interpretation of the text, and thus by long repetition of sounds the students arrive at some knowledge of the structure and meaning of the language.

The system of instruction depends upon memory for its effectiveness. Accordingly the faculty of memory is wonderfully developed. But the use of the reflective faculty is restrained. The young men are taught, as the lady did her footman, "that they have no business to think." It is only after ten or fifteen years of training that it is considered safe for a man to use his own powers. By that time the bias of his mind, and its habit of ignoring inconvenient matter is pretty well fixed and the man himself is safe as a teacher of the people. The exclusiveness of Islam and the narrowness of its leading men is fully explained by such an imprisonment in the dark as is implied by attendance at the schools of the Ulema.

During the educational course a constant pro-

cess of weeding out takes place. Many a man fails to absorb wisdom and is provided with a berth as teacher of a primary school. Others, who have good elocution, but fail to master the higher problems of Arabic grammar and logic, drop out to fill vacancies as Imam or pastor of some parish. Others again, who while good writers cannot be good reasoners, are made clerks of the courts, and leave the unprofitable study. The man who goes on far enough to have a place among the heads of the people receives the degree of "*Rouous*" * and the title of Muderris or teacher. He is then entitled to hold his head above the mass and may receive appointment to teach the people in some mosque. The degree would be called in the West a license to preach. He will be sure after this point of having money to buy his bread.

The Muderris who has aspirations and abilities in the line of logic and metaphysics continues his studies. But he is still outside of the group of real authorities on the essence of religion. He has four degrees to win by hard work in the science of reasoning and the record of precedents before the degree of "Movement of Entrance" places the coveted honour in his grasp. Many end their career at this point, and subside into enjoyment of the lesser judgeships or such employment as they can get as lawyers at the bar. As the common slang has it, "there is a deep

* Heads or Chiefs.

slough to be passed before reaching the degree of 'Entrance to the Sofa.'" But when this Asses' Bridge is safely crossed, the man is no longer a student but an honoured dictator on all matters relating to the religious and secular life of mankind. He is given some place of responsibility as judge (for there is no possibility of separating law from theology in Islam), or he is made Professor in some school, and his further rise depends upon his legal acumen rather than upon his feats of memory.

Seven more degrees have to be passed, however, before the man can reach the highest circle of what for want of a better term we may call the Muslim hierarchy. Then at last he may hope to be given the rank of "Judgeship of the Five Cities." This means that the man so honoured has ability and learning enough to hold the position of chief judge, or Kadi, at either of the great cities of Damascus, Aleppo, Cairo, Adrianople or Brousa. He now has a salary of about $2,500 a year, whether in office or not, and besides this he has a part of the court fees whenever he is lucky enough to hold appointment as judge. Above this point are five grades of rank of which the highest is that of Sheikh ul Islam, or Chief Doctor of Islam. Only one man can be Sheikh ul Islam at a time. But a hundred or more hold rank in the four grades next below the highest rank. The emoluments carried by the rank, independently of any active appointment

suited to it, are very considerable. To reach this highest group, access to which is open to every one who has ability and will use application, and thus to sway the destinies of the whole realm of Islam, is the ambition which fires the heart of every student who enters a mosque school. But in the course of his education he commonly meets little that suggests to his mind that the world has literature, or science, or wisdom outside of the sacred books of Islam and their commentators.

The limitation of the student's attention to the sacred literature of Islam will be found to have exceptions. In this great city, which brings together men from the coast of the Adriatic and from Samarcand, every rule has exceptions. A bright young man who has attended a High school or an Academy of the Public school system before entering the mosque school, cannot shut his eyes to the wider vision of which his eyes have then had a glimpse. Many of the Ulema are men of general education. One man in particular who holds one of the higher degrees of the schools has a habit of making himself known to travellers whom he encounters on the Bosphorus steamers. To one he will speak in English, to another, in German, to another in French. As the astonished traveller is thus led to take note of this evidence of the liberal education enjoyed by the Ulema, he will probably hear Greek, Armenian, Italian, Persian, Arabic,

and Turkish phrases fall from his lips. A Turk who sees the amazement of the "tenderfoot" will chuckle until he nearly bursts. To him the linguist is merely a good joke.

One result of such departures from the safe lines of traditional education is generally deplored. The religious classics of Islam, have hopelessly entangled their theological proofs with the foolish science of the Middle Ages. Young men taught from modern text-books are not moved to awe by minute details of the method of creation wherewith the ancient Muslim divines thought to enhance the glory of God's power. Wherever the science of those venerable writers meets a Galileo the religion which has staked its all upon such a partnership encounters a Voltaire. Even the discovery that Christian England has produced a Shakespeare may unsettle the young Muslim's belief in God.

Another fruit of the Turkish respect for education is a praiseworthy activity in extending a fairly good system of secular schools over the Empire. The Turkish Government issued a decree some thirty years ago for a complete system of graded public schools. Beginning at the infant and primary schools, where boys and girls are taught together, the law contemplates grammar schools in every considerable town, and high schools for girls and boys separately in every city. Academies of a still higher grade are required to be established in the capital city of

every province. There is also provision for professional schools for the further development of graduates from the academies.

The school system has not been very thoroughly established in the provinces. But there are high schools in nearly all of the provincial capitals, while almost every day's Constantinople papers contain a record of new primary schools opened in villages throughout the country "by the help of God and the generosity of the Patron of Education, His Imperial Majesty the Sultan."

In Constantinople, professional schools are actually organized and would justly be considered to form a great university if they were under one management and associated together. There is a Classical College in Pera, called the Lyceum of Galata Serai, there is a Civil Service School where men are trained for the Sublime Porte and for the official dignities of the Provincial administration. There is a School of Law, a fine School of Medicine, in two departments, civil and military. There is a Commercial School, a School of the Merchant Marine Service, a School of Arts and Architecture, a School of Engineering, Normal Schools for both men and women, and there is a fine Military School and a Naval School. In the Galata Lyceum and in the Medical School and the schools of the Military and Naval service Europeans of ability are found among the instructors. There is also a curious school at Constantinople called the "School of

the Tribes." It is founded expressly for the higher training of the sons of the chiefs of the nomad Kourdish and Bedouin tribes found in the Eastern and Southern districts of the Empire.

Turkish schools for girls are a comparatively recent innovation. Until they are about ten years old girls have all the advantages enjoyed by their brothers, and commonly use them. But after the primary school, difficulties beset the question of the education of girls. Girls must be treated separately from boys. They must be married at sixteen or seventeen years of age, and they may not be seen unveiled by men after reaching the age of separation. If they are to be taught by women, the whole supply of qualified women teachers for the Empire does not exceed a few score. Hence, resource is had to white-haired old men whose age makes them safe from a moral point of view. But from the point of view of knowledge and teaching ability it assures incompetency, save perhaps in the Eastern languages. The result so far is, that the majority of Turkish girls end their education at the exit from the primary school. The high schools for girls, of which there are perhaps a dozen in Constantinople, tend to become on the whole schools of language and needle work, and the bystander is obliged to admit that the question of the education of Turkish girls is far from being solved. There is no need to discuss the training of the

daughters of the rich by private governesses. The results may be of far-reaching importance in these circles. But such makeshifts do not affect, at present, the case of the great untaught mass of women.

The course of study in the Government public schools was carefully prepared some thirty years ago with the advice of competent foreigners, having been slightly changed since by the addition of studies from time to time. That of the Primary Schools has already been mentioned. The Grammar Schools add to the three R's, Geography, Grammar, and Turkish History with some ideas of Persian and Arabic. The High Schools take up Geometry and Algebra, and Cosmography, and carry on the studies in Persian and Arabic, which are the substitutes for Latin and Greek in the East. French is also begun at this stage. In the Academies and Professional Schools, Chemistry and Physics and Mathematics, with Universal History, and French and German are given some importance, together with the studies belonging to the specialty which the students are to follow. In the Naval School prominence is given to English in order that the naval officers may have the advantage of English literature on Navigation and Naval Warfare. Throughout the course, great importance is given to Mohammedan religious instruction. The Koran, the Life of the Prophet, and the Rules of

Worship are continuous subjects of study which may not be neglected whatever else is allowed to suffer.

The course of study is not at all a bad one. The great difficulty of the Turkish student is his teacher, and his text-book. The text-books of the lower schools have distinctly improved by study of the methods of instruction in the foreign schools of the city. But in the higher grades they are mere translations of French or German works, and slavishly follow the original to the extent of introducing illustrations perfectly familiar in Western lands, but hopelessly unintelligible in Constantinople. It adds nothing to the knowledge of a student of botany at Constantinople to be told that a daisy is the plant commonly known in French as "marguerite," and found abundantly in meadows outside of the fortifications of Paris. Failure to replace books of science translated thirty years ago has the effect to keep Turkish students behind the age. Still the books used in the schools of the regular Government system are a couple of centuries in advance of those used in the schools of the Ulema.

The fact is, that Turkey is still wrestling with the problem of teaching young people to read, and giving them modern science, while at the same time preventing them from being thus led to escape from the control of the ancient system. The point of difficulty is, to avoid such occurrences as the comment of a young man upon

a sermon in which an eminent Mohammedan preacher was describing the magnificence of Paradise. The preacher said that the tree of life is of sublime dimensions. Each leaf is three days' journey from one end to the other. After some further description in this strain, he turned to the happiness of the dwellers in Paradise, saying among other things that in each one of the mansions of the blest is a branch of the tree of life bearing all manner of fruit. The young man unexpectedly showed his ability to put two and two together by saying: "Each leaf of that tree is three days' journey long, and a branch grows in each of the mansions. Of course there must be two or three leaves on each branch. What must the size of the mansions be? For my part I would rather live out of doors!"

The necessity of foreseeing the ill effects of knowledge affects the choice of books and the whole course of instruction in the schools. There can be no study of History, except as prepared by Turkish authors. There can be no unexpurgated study of Literature. Political Economy, and even Metaphysics cannot be studied except where provision has been made to prevent access to non-Mohammedan views on these subjects.

In all of these schools the charges for tuition are very small, consisting in fact, of little more than small presents to the teachers on festival occasions; the presents being gauged according to the ability of the parents. In the higher

schools there is no charge for tuition, and in the professional schools at Constantinople students who are intended for Government service, with a certain number of other students, receive not only tuition, but board, lodging, and clothing from the school. Non-Mohammedans are received in the professional schools at Constantinople and at the Academies in some of the Provinces. But the pupils of all the lower grade schools and the great majority of those in the higher schools are Mohammedans.

As in other lands, so in Turkey, the student who is bound to learn will do so whatever the obstacles of his surroundings or his implements. It has been my fortune to be on such terms of intimacy with a Mohammedan family that the son regarded me as almost a relative. "It was no small pleasure to have the boy of fourteen or fifteen come bursting into my room, full of exultation and with flushed cheek and sparkling eye to cry out: "Oh, Uncle, uncle! I have passed the examination. I go into the Academy next term!" That boy was a student. Whatever the defects of his books or his teachers, he was on the high road to culture.

There are good teachers among the Turkish public schools. But it is an unfortunate fact that thoroughly wide awake men, who succeed in waking up the minds of their pupils, have more than once been disposed of by being sent to posts in distant parts of the Empire where their alert-

ness may find a balance-wheel in the backwardness of the population at large. Such men are left in obscurity long enough to realize that there is such a thing as being too active as a teacher.

An educated Turkish gentleman one day looked at me sharply in surprise, as though he had been read too closely when I remarked that the great difficulty with the Turkish schools is the incompetence of the teachers. "Yes," he said, "teachers are not easily found at best and with us they are chosen for their need or for their ability to flatter rather than for their skill. The nation suffers that a man may have a morsel of bread."

A part of the remarks of this gentleman were illustrated by an incident which occurred under my eye in the office of a high official, a part of whose duties was the choice of teachers for the public schools. A man of fifty, slovenly in appearance, wearing the long robe of the old style Turks, and the green turban which shows that a man has more trust in his ancestry than in himself, entered the room, after having been announced by an obsequious servant at the official's ear. The old man walked rapidly forward, stooped over, and fumbled for the official's coat tail, that he might kiss it. This produced a sort of polite scuffle. The official pushed the man's hand away, saying "God forbid!" and the suppliant finally compromised on kissing his hand. Then he folded his two hands on his breast with a gesture of despair, and said:

"First I look to God and afterwards to you alone. There is no one else."

"What do you want?"

"I am dying of hunger, and your servants my children cry for bread every day."

"Where do you live?"

"In Salma Tomruk (a District in Stamboul). I was teacher of the infant school, but they have sent a man there to take my place."

"Why were you removed?"

"Because there was a question about some school money that got eaten up."

"It was eaten up? Do you mean that you could not account for it?"

"Yes; it was only about a hundred dollars, and you know that man is weak. Accidents of that sort will happen."

"What is your name?"

"Feizoullah of Gurun."

"Ah! You had a salary of ten dollars a month for teaching the Salma Tomruk primary school, and after a year there were a hundred and fifty dollars of school money remaining charged against you?"

"Yes, but do not look at my shortcomings, remember that God's purpose is that every one of His servants shall have bread."

"What do you expect me to do for you?"

"Oh! Sir, you know what to do. Give me a salary that will bring me bread. It may be here or it may be there. It is all in your hands."

"But I want good men to teach the schools."

"Oh! do not say that," said the man, beginning to blubber and making a fresh effort to seize the official coat-tail. "Remember your maid-servant my wife, and her four children without bread. It surely is not your wish that they should die right here at the capital."

Like the unjust judge of the parable the official could not endure importunity. "Well, well," he said, "Go to Rifaat Bey and ask him to give you something. Tell him I sent you!"

The ex-teacher went out after invoking the Divine blessing upon the great man. In a moment Rifaat Bey came in to ask what he should do with Feizoullah.

"Give him one of the Primary Schools," said my friend, "only get rid of him. His brother is father-in-law of the steward at Savas Pasha's house. We shall have Savas Pasha writing about this man if we don't give him something. Give him something that no one else will take. Do something to get rid of him."

"Such men are the curse of our schools," said the Turk to me after Rifaat Bey had gone. Then ordering up more coffee and lighting another cigarette, he began to enquire as to the steps which the Commissioner of Education at Washington has to take in order to know the fitness of candidates for appointment as teachers in distant villages. The idea that the United States Government has nothing to do with the appointment of

school teachers in distant villages seemed too strange for him to grasp.

The theory of the enormous value of learning by rote, on the whole still possesses the Turkish teacher. Children are required to commit the lessons to memory whether they understand them or not. It often happens that a pupil asks the teacher to explain a matter and is silenced by the order to learn his lesson and not ask questions. This theory rules the plan of examinations. All studies are interrupted for a week or ten days before an examination, in order that the students may " cram " for the occasion. I have been told by students that the teacher is also made to feel the necessity that certain pupils whose parents have influence shall pass successfully. Hence, the favored pupils are given a list of the questions which they are to be asked, and are allowed to limit their " cramming " to the answers to these questions. From this, one is obliged to conclude that the student encounters special difficulties in Turkey, which are peculiar to the need of the country for limiting independent thought, for protecting the teacher from exposure of his incompetency, and for saving the children of the rich from being outdone by the children of the poor. Some, every year, show that such obstacles have not prevented their gaining knowledge and the power to use it. This fact is but another proof that perseverance and sturdy wish

to do right can be found in Turkey by him who searches.

In all of these schools of the Turkish public school system, great attention is paid to the moral training of the pupils. The religious training consists of reading and re-reading the Koran in Arabic. There is also full training in the proper method of forms of worship. The mere act of reading good books without intelligence is supposed to have a good effect on the pupil. But there are also lesson in morals to which little exception can be taken. The Turks are proud of their moral excellence and of the attention paid to this department. We would not belittle the value of this attention although the ethical philosophy of these books is sometimes a little uncertain. But one point, at least, in this ethical training has serious effect on students aside from the point of the example of the teacher. The peculiar views of Turks on polygamy and concubinage influence the young. They not only cover with a murky haze all instruction relating to purity, but make the practice of virtuous living a question of expediency, and permit impure and indecent thoughts and words from childhood up. The results in the higher schools for boys and young men cannot be discussed. Even in the schools for young women scandals occur which increase the popular antipathy to the education of women. A Mohammedan official

once said to me, "How can I give my daughter an education? I would rather see her in her grave than have her in any of our schools for girls." The remark was not more a revelation of the degradation clinging to everything which is in contact with polygamy, than it was of noble qualities found in these people which wait to be brought into prominence by the work of the Spirit of God.

We all know the doom which hangs over the man and the people that tolerate corruption of this sort even in thought. This one point of the moral tendency of the school destroys much of the hope which we might feel for the uplift that the Turkish school system can bring to the nation. Not until means are found of checking dry rot in the heart will the public school bring its proper fruit in Turkey.

The importance of the Turkish school system of Constantinople to the Empire, is not limited to its effect upon the young men and women who are trained by its methods. They compose nearly three-fourths of the young people of the city. But this system is the one message as to education received by the Mohammedan population of the Empire. The highest model set before Muslims in all the towns and cities of Turkey and of bordering regions, is the public school of Constantinople. To reach a degree of efficiency that will give pupils entrance to the schools of the capital is the highest ideal of the schools else-

where. To have a teacher who has studied at Constantinople is enough to make the reputation of a school in the interior whether the teacher knows anything or not. The gap between ideals and their realization seen in other things exists in this case, too. The system of education in the Interior of the Empire is waiting to be raised by influences from Constantinople.

The various non-Mohammedan sects and nationalities throughout the Empire have their own schools which are classed by the school laws as private schools. They are required to conform their courses of study and their text-books to the Government standards, and their teachers must be approved by the Ministry of Public Instruction. Their support is provided for by the sect which establishes them. All the Government schools on the other hand are supported by the Ministry of Public Instruction out of funds set apart for the purpose, and chiefly derived from a percentage of the tax on real estate. Since the non-Mohammedans pay rather a large proportion of this tax, they might be expected to derive some benefit from it. It all goes, however, to the support of the Government Schools, all the lower grades of which are barred to non-Mohammedans who refuse to let their children be taught Mohammedan religious doctrine.

The Armenian schools of Constantinople are supported by the Church and by private contribution. Within the last twenty-five years they

have taken a rapid advance both in number and efficiency. The difficulty of finding skilled teachers has been a hampering influence, and so has been the control exercised by the Turkish Department of Public Instruction with its political ends to seek in conjunction with its efforts for the advancement of education. Nevertheless the Armenians have a quite complete system of lower grade schools, beginning with well organized kindergartens. With them progress in education in Constantinople means progress also in the interior provinces of Turkey. For the teachers and the inspiration for schools in the provinces comes from the Capital, where any lacks on the part of the clergy are filled by lay Societies for the Advancement of Schools. In higher education little has been done of importance. There are several High Schools and Academies which do creditable work. But for professional training, young Armenians have to go to Europe or America.

In the Greek community of Constantinople there is a better showing. The University of Athens supplies all needed teachers and the generosity of wealthy Greeks supplies the means. There are fine schools of all grades among the Greeks and for both sexes. Here as among the Armenians the clergy are the nominal directors of education. But during the centuries of their isolation from Christendom, their ideals have insensibly been shaped by their surroundings. The teaching of church observances was in their eyes

the most important function of the school. Like the schools of the Mohammedans, the schools of the Eastern Church gave no real education until they passed under the control of the laymen who had some knowledge of Western science.

In the Eastern Church then, we have a living educational system, in full touch with European systems and with enthusiastic assent to the necessity for education of the people. The influence of the schools is limited, however, by two causes other than the limited proportion of non-Mohammedans in the Empire. There can never be a strong development of the higher grade of Christian schools, because the Turkish Government formally excludes from its service graduates of other than the Government academies and professional schools. This measure was not necessarily designed to prevent the growth of higher grade institutions among Christians, but it has that effect. Many young men attend the Government Lyceum or other Turkish colleges and are lost to their Church, while those who cannot stomach a vitiated atmosphere go abroad and are lost to the country.

The other limitation of the influence of the schools carried on within the various branches of the Eastern church is moral. The question how to secure strong moral principle in pupils has not yet been worked out. In some of the schools, books on ethics are used which distinctly teach that deceit is essential to success in life under

certain circumstances of the business world. Hence it is regarded as a venial fault. One of the commonest expressions of ordinary conversation between Greeks or Armenians in Constantinople is "That's a lie!" And the good-natured way in which the remark is received shows that in all probability the charge is true.

It is nearly impossible for an American, accustomed to see education lift up a people, to realize how much of this result of education is due to moral and religious environment. In our public schools pupils receive no religious instruction in morals. But the very atmosphere is so permeated with the essence of the moral teachings of Jesus as to be poisonous to the ease of any who openly repudiate truthfulness, honesty, purity, and self-sacrifice for the sake of duty. It is not left to the Church to denounce unmitigated selfishness or lack of consideration for others. Moreover, if any young man would set at defiance the teachings of church, Sunday school, and home in elementary morals, he is speedily brought to his senses and made to go into his own class. For merchants, bankers, railroad managers, manufacturers, builders will give no place of trust to the dishonest, the false, the unclean, and the self-indulgent.

In Asia the highest ideal of moral attainment is that some men may perhaps "pay great attention to" some elementary points of moral conduct. A triumph of principle once for all, which

permits advance in character, is not even dreamed of. Under such circumstances the utmost accomplished by the school at Constantinople, to use the Turkish phrase, is, to make men "have holes in their ears."

It is an achievement to train ears to hear. But when those steeped in self-coddling are turned loose after being trained to hear, what they hear is that the religious forms and ceremonies of their fathers rest on no Divine revelation, that self-restraint is ascetic folly, and that probably there is no God. Talk with one of the professors of the public schools of Turkey about those of the schools of the Ulema, and if he knows you well enough to dare express his real opinion he will say, "Do not pay attention to them. They are a lot of big-headed asses!" Ask one of these Ulema about the public school system and its teachers, and he will reply, "These are not schools, but places where our good young people are sent for the purpose of having their minds corrupted by a lot of infidels!" The head of one of the great branches of the Eastern Church said to the President of Robert College at Constantinople not long ago that among all his people the only young men who really believe in God and Christianity are those who have been educated in Robert College.*

The graduates of schools which have no faith

* Report of Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, 1900, Vol. II., p. 130.

in the possibility of changing and developing character might shine in the train of Robespierre. They might be towers of strength to municipal rings for the private exploitation of the revenues of a city. On occasion they might serve as apostles of social reform through anarchist methods. Too many of them receive atheism and libertinism as the chief of the gains of study. The fact that schools of this class also endow students with "holes in their ears" is not going to regenerate the people of Asia. Education in obedience to the Power that makes for righteousness is what is needed to produce leaders in a steady moral progress on the part of the people.

This is the common sense ground for the establishment by missionaries of schools at Constantinople. The question of the wisdom or the need of educational work by missionaries is not one of sectarian prejudice or doctrinal divergence of opinion. Covetousness is idolatry, and selfishness, paganism, whatever the creed or the crass unbelief with which they would fain be cloaked. The question is that of cultivating in the young such elementary moral sense as the pagan cannot have but which the ordinary business man of England or America will insist on having in the man whom he is to trust. The missionary teacher uses for such culture of the moral sense the instrument which served in his own case—the teachings of Jesus Christ. He uses these teachings, also, as Jesus Christ used them—in the

form of plain statements of duty which every conscience must and does approve, whatever its religious citizenship.

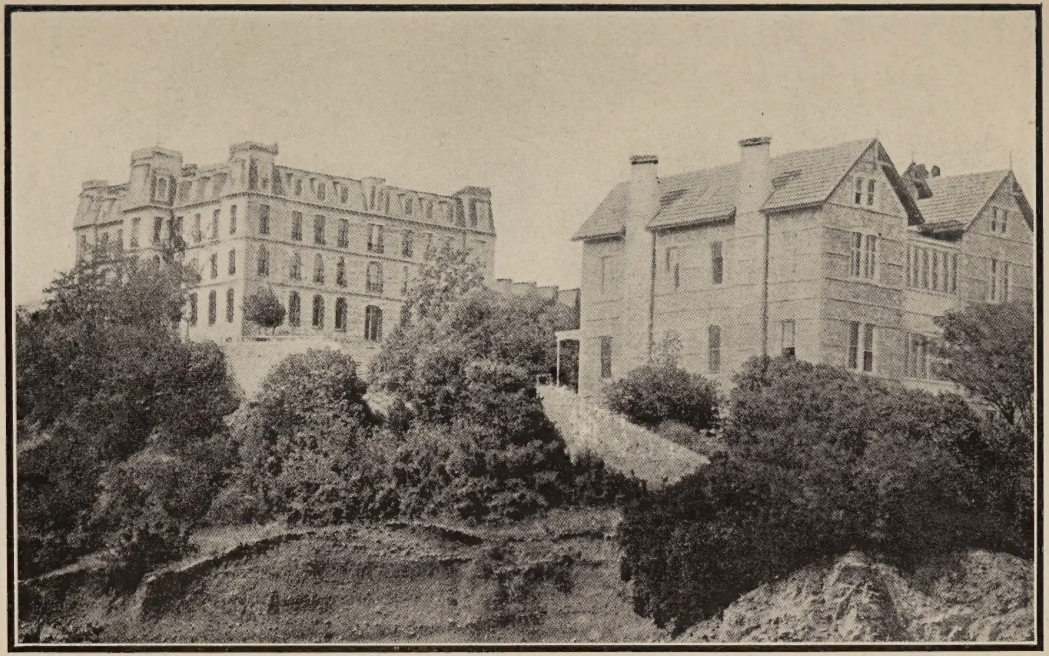
Chief among such healthy educational forces at Constantinople, the schools established by Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries have more to do than is commonly realized with educational progress in Turkey. Such schools have served as models for many native schools. At one time the course of study of the Girls' school which afterwards grew into the American College for Girls was framed and hung on the wall at the Turkish Ministry of Public Instruction, for those to study who wished to know what a Girls' school should teach. The opening of attractive schools by foreigners forced the hand of the clergy of the Eastern Church. If they had not favoured the development of a school system within the Church, their own people would have gone to the foreigner.

Roman Catholic schools have existed in Constantinople for some two centuries. Those now carried on in the city are large, numerous, and efficient for the training of the young of both sexes. The teachers are Jesuits, or belong to other religious orders. Many young men in important positions under the Turkish Government owe their success to the training received from the priests. The moral atmosphere of these schools at once distinguishes their scholars from those of the Muslim, or even of the Oriental Christian

schools. While the Roman Catholic schools are doing good work, and really educating numbers of the people, it seems ungracious to touch upon their weakness. It is the weakness which marks any school which has to champion the infallibility of a certain church system, and therefore to submit to an Index Expurgatorius. The students are in danger of not receiving all that they might receive of scientific training, and of feeling that they get more than they need of Roman Catholic dogma. For these schools frankly aim, above all else, to raise up Roman Catholics.

Like the American missions the Roman Catholic missions have opened up schools in the various provinces of the empire, and like them they draw their pupils almost entirely from the non-Mohammedans.

Protestant missionaries in Constantinople are connected with English and Scotch societies working among the Jews, and with American societies working among the Eastern Christians. All have schools which must be reckoned among forces working for the general uplift of the people. The highest types of this class of educational effort may be seen at Robert College, on its hill by the side of the ancient castle dominating the narrows of the Bosphorus where invading armies from Asia have always entered Europe, and at the American College for Girls, gracefully seated upon its hill at Scutari with the great city at its feet.



ROBERT COLLEGE

Robert College is not connected with any mission, although an outgrowth from the mission of the American Board. Its work, however, is of precisely the same aim as that of the mission. Perhaps the nature of this work can best be illustrated by a concrete example.

In one of the narrower streets of Constantinople is a fruit shop kept by two men belonging to one of the branches of the Eastern Church, and natives of a town in Asia Minor. The shop is about twelve feet square. Its front is open to the breezes. Its floor is the native earth packed by long tramping of feet. But at the end of the shop opposite the street, three or four rough planks form a floor to which the shop-keepers may retreat in wet weather. The centre of the shop is filled by a mass of large baskets arranged to display the fruits of the season to best advantage. Shelves around the walls carry choicer specimens of fruit, and serve to decorate the shop. There is not a particle of paint about the whole place. The walls were once white, but are battered and bruised with the accidents of a score of years. As to the wood work, it is of natural colour except where similar accidents have touched it with greasy looking spots.

The two owners of the shop live there. After the business day is done, they make a little fire of charcoal in an iron pan, and cook a stew of some vegetable with a few bony bits of meat to flavour it. When the kettle is taken off the fire the two

men sit down by it on low stools, each armed with a wooden spoon and the half of a two-pound loaf of bread. They eat their meal from the kettle, and by the light of a flickering candle stuck in a bottle. After the meal they sit for a time, and smoke and discuss business chances. Then climbing the ladder which leads to the loft over the shop, they spread their beds upon the loose boards that serve for a floor and go to sleep. This is their life.

But these men have families and houses in that far away town in Asia Minor. They themselves live at an expense of perhaps five dollars a month for each. Their clothes are the same clothes they bought ten years ago in Asia Minor when they first came to the great city, and since then more or less protected from the stains of their trade by the long white cotton gown, much like a bath-robe, which they wear all day to the detriment of its whiteness. All the money that the two men gain and can spare from their business goes to the far off town in Asia Minor for the advantage of their wives and children, whom they take turns in visiting every year or so.

One of these fruit dealers had an orphan nephew left on his hands in the Asia Minor town. "That boy," said he, "shall go to school. We are asses ourselves but that is no reason why he should not learn to be a man." He executed the daring project of putting the boy in Robert College, as soon as he made sure that the schooling

which his nephew had received in the church school in the Asia Minor town would admit him to the preparatory school at Robert College. The boy came to the city, was dazzled by its splendours, was delighted with the comforts of his uncle's shop, and after being fitted out with a complete suit of second-hand clothing of European cut, he took his place in the college. He studied seven years, and then he graduated in a black broadcloth coat and white necktie, with a red geranium in his buttonhole, and with a thousand people, from the British Ambassador and other high functionaries to the Asia Minor fruit dealer (dressed in hired broadcloth for the occasion), to applaud his essay in English upon the Place of Altruism in Human Progress.

Then the fruit dealer, who had scrimped and slaved to eke out the $200 a year which he had to pay the College when he could not induce the faculty to grant the boy help from scholarship funds, found that he had a white elephant on his hands. He had taken counsel with me before sending the boy to the College, so he came to me again. " See here," he said, " This thing doesn't work. The boy is educated, but what can one like me do with him? He knows English, he knows French. The Lord knows what he doesn't know. But he is going to ruin the firm if he doesn't find work quickly. When he first came on here he thought the place where we sleep was very comfortable, but now he says he can't sleep

there. He says it's dirty, and has cobwebs, and animals. We eat out of the kettle in the shop and a dinner costs us five cents apiece. But he can't live unless he has a twenty-five cent dinner at a restaurant at least once a day. If we have accounts to write we sit down by the candle and rest the book on one knee and work as long as need be. But he wants a room in which to sit and a lamp and a chair and a desk at which to write. What can I do with the boy?"

It was a clear case of error in educating a young man out of his station in life. But the philosophers who rebuke such proceedings omit to suggest how a young man is to rise out of a submerged mass if when he has risen he may not find himself above the station in life wherein he was born. I counselled the uncle to have patience, put small jobs of clerk's work in the way of the young man, and then, after a few months, the uncle met me one day smiling. His nephew had got a position as assistant superintendent of a mine somewhere in the interior of Asia Minor.

And the young man? Look at him to-day—a man trusted by the mining company, handling accounts with accuracy, and correspondence without limitation of language, looked up to by the whole district as a living personification of manly, clean living. You must agree that when a school can take an individual from a mass of Asiatic villagers and make a true man of him in seven

years, the men who have taught that boy have done a work of which to be proud, for they see the fruit of their self-denying labour to a degree seldom permitted to those who work for the good of others. This is not a single case. Professor Ramsey of St. Andrews, Scotland, who has travelled much in Asia Minor says:* "I have come in contact with men educated in Robert College in widely separated parts of the country, men of divers races and different forms of religion—Greek, Armenian and Protestant—and have everywhere been struck with the marvellous way in which a certain uniform type, direct, simple, honest in tone, has been impressed upon them. Some had more of it, some had less, but all had it in a certain degree, and it is diametrically opposite to the type produced by growth under the ordinary conditions of Turkish life."

The American College for Girls at Scutari is connected with the Woman's Board of Missions of Boston. It does for young women what Robert College is doing for young men. One of those truths which the American missions in Turkey set out to prove is the thesis that woman has a mind and can use it for the good of her race if men do not thrust her into marriage when she is still a baby. Proof of this thesis is worked out in the Girls' College in a way that once seen can never be forgotten. Many a woman of Constantinople looking at the intelligent, mature, and

* Impressions of Turkey.

capable young women who graduate at this College, at once to become centres of power in the community, sighs over her own lost opportunity, for she is a grandmother at thirty-two. To have begun to teach the people that there is such a thing as respect for woman because of intellectual power, is to have secured an advance in the Christianity of the country which amply justifies all that it has cost.

In emphasizing the importance of the moral training given in these colleges we would not obscure the fact that the permanent fruitfulness and usefulness of graduates must depend upon the degree to which they have changed the centre of gravity of their lives—upon the change of nature wrought by the spirit of God. Where the teachers are themselves full of the Holy Ghost, and where they are able to distinguish between the work of training men to live in Jesus Christ and the work of training adherents to a sect, they impress the spiritual nature of their pupils of whatever sect. The pupils of such teachers become in some degree centres of spiritual reformation wherever they may be. To have found a means, while imparting the highest scientific training, of making the tree good that its fruit may be good, is the discovery which makes these colleges and others like them in other parts of Turkey centres of hope for the future.

So far as American effort is concerned the first step towards this advance at this great centre of

AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR GIRLS

influence was taken by three missionaries of the American Board who, with their wives established themselves at Constantinople in 1831, with the idea of seeking in all ways the elevation of the people of the city. In the presence of the splendid successes of the educational work of missions in Turkey it is sometimes almost forgotten that effort in other lines with the same aim has equal claim upon our notice. What we have now briefly to consider is the Press and the Pulpit as agencies for the uplift of men.

VII

A HALF-FORGOTTEN AGENCY

THE traveller in his walks about the "old city" at Constantinople is sure some day to go from the Galata Bridge of kaleidoscopic views of the nations, up the long hill, past the Bible House and the Bazar of the Wood Turners, to the tower of the War Department and the Mosque of the Pigeons. Proceeding along the broad road which passes the high gate of the War Department enclosure, and leaving the Mosque of the Pigeons behind us, we find the road quickly carrying us to a spectacle which for pathos can hardly be equalled in the city. It is the spectacle of the ancient guild of the book-writers still exercising their venerable trade in the stalls of a colonnade of Byzantine design. Coloured papers brighten the shelves and hand-painted mottoes the walls of the little stalls. With reed pen and colour box and gold leaf and burnisher, kindly old gentlemen in turban and gown, whose prospective successors are their devoted apprentices, are slowly and elegantly filling page after page with exquisite script, or slowly and patiently giving the finished leaves solid and decorative bindings, the invention of designs for

which ceased when Byzantine Constantinople fell.

This might be called one of the centres of intellectual life in the city. It is characterized by a placid picturesqueness due not solely to the antiquity of its methods, nor to the backward look which forbids the guild to publish any thought less than a thousand years old. It is placid because these venerable craftsmen work in a pathetically sturdy faith of ultimate success in their brave struggle to compete with the printing press and with all that this century means to the rest of the world. The guild clings to this work because the traditional method of multiplying books is to copy them with a pen. Hence the world must sometime recover from its craze (introduced by Western infidels) for machine-made books. Sometime people will refuse to have any but the hand-made article which the writer can guarantee to be free from misprints.

The simple faith of these old men and the uselessness of their labour pains the bystander. Like the women of the neighbouring houses, whose ignorance and superstition classes them with bygone centuries, these book-writers are a survival. They love their books, but an awakening of disappointment will be their's so soon as men call for really living books. Yet the unlimited fealty rendered by this guild to written words suggests the question, " Why not give those who live in a dead past—the women and the Book-writers—

modern thought; placing permanently before them the soul-stirring truths whose power we know? May not books solve problems otherwise insoluble?

Constantinople is a commanding position for an enterprise of publication. The crowds of all sorts of people of the East who flock into the city to get what they can for the bettering of their lives, will certainly carry back to their homes any books which there please their fancy. But the dominance of this city in the world of books rests upon other grounds. A law of the empire requires every printer (not the harmless old book-writer) first to obtain a special permit from the Sultan. Only when armed with such a personal authorization can he own a printing press or import material for his outfit.

Having an authorized printing office, the printer may print neither book, newspaper, nor picture, without the signed approval of the censors of the press. These two rules force men to make Constantinople the literary centre of the whole region of its influence. For in provincial towns officials shrink from responsibility, and refer the would-be printer or author to Constantinople for the final decision upon the merits of his petition. Difference of language makes Beyrout a centre for printing in Arabic, and the American Mission and the Bible Societies print there large numbers of books in that language. There are also newspaper presses

at Smyrna and Salonica. But in all the vast interior provinces of Turkey printing presses are found in the Government headquarters alone. For this reason the people of all that great region where the Turkish and Armenian and Greek languages are used look to Constantinople for their books, if they have any.

If Turkish or Greek or Armenian men and women in Turkey are ever to be stirred in any large sense to intellectual or spiritual life, the impulse must come through books issued at Constantinople by people who know intellectual and spiritual life. If the view already given is true, of the lacks in both these directions seen among the people of the city, a burden of responsibility falls upon missionaries as educated Christian men and women. The Missionary Societies should concentrate at this one point all necessary means and forces for making the press instruct and help the people of this Empire. Excuse for failure to do this can only be found in unreadiness of the people to be reached by the press, or in the effectiveness of a native press already thoroughly occupying the ground, or in some obstacle of the local laws.

The press laws of Turkey do not form such an obstacle as one might expect. They limit the field and the style of literature produced under the censor's care. But they are not obstacles on the whole to the missionary, unless he wishes to write controversial books. And these are

commonly best unwritten. As to the preparedness of the people, all classes of the population of Turkey offer a living example of the punishment which neglect of reading brings upon itself. After a time, talkers who do not read have travelled so far from their original starting point, that their language is quite apart from that of those who meanwhile have been shut up with their books. Then comes the punishment of the people who have neglected reading. Any one of them who now tardily decides that he would like to read, cannot do it. The language of the books is a strange language to him, although it is the one which his ancestors deserted when they stopped reading.

This calamity fell upon all the peoples of Turkey after the conquest of Constantinople in 1453. Up to that time the Greeks still had preserved the essential grammatical forms of the magnificent Greek literature which is still schoolmaster to the civilized world in literary expression. Now, they can only read their ancient writings by patient study with grammar and dictionary.

Until the middle of the 15th century the Armenians too, had a literature. But in the catastrophes of the Turkish invasion, they, too, lost the power of using it. Until the fourteenth century, the Turks themselves had beginnings of a literature written with Arabic letters, and making much use of Arabic and Persian expressions.

But, having devoted themselves, like a good many other people of the Middle Ages, to war rather than to study, long before the end of the eighteenth century common Turks could not understand the book language any more than they could understand the Arabic in which their religious books are written.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Turk, Greek and Armenian, were thus in the predicament of having no intelligible books. Those who could read were generally the clergy. They had to read the Scriptures, at least. But the clergy were not ardent scholars. They shrank from translating books into the language of the common people, and they covered up their sloth by advancing the notion that the writings of the Fathers are too holy to be translated. The most that they would do to help the common people read was to teach choir boys to read the church service in parrot-like use of unknown sentences. This gave at least an alphabet to some of the children, and men used this alphabet in their business. They felt, however, that the very letters learned out of holy books are sacred. To each religious denomination the use of its own alphabet became like an article of the creed. The Turks write Turkish with Arabic letters not at all suited to the nature of the language, because the Koran is written in Arabic. Greeks and Armenians in Asia Minor who have forgotten their own language and use the Turkish only,

write it with Greek and Armenian letters respectively because these letters are those of the ancient church books. Even the Jews of Turkey, who in general are emigrants from Spain and who long ago lost the Hebrew, use Hebrew letters for writing Spanish words in their ledgers and business correspondence, and in the newspapers which of late years they have commenced to publish.

The medley of jargons in Turkey is further perplexed by the fact that the larger part of the Greeks living there speak Modern Greek only, and the most of the Armenians speak Modern Armenian only, while all the people of Syria, whether Mohammedan or Christian, speak and read and write Arabic only, hating Turkish as "the language of Hell." To people in such a Babel it makes small difference that the Roman Catholic missionaries introduce in their Latin services another dead liturgy and another unintelligible version of the Bible.

From a Protestant and missionary point of view, the essential effect of this condition of things is that in Turkey to-day the masses of the common people, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or Jew have their sacred Scriptures in a language which they cannot understand. At the same time they are ready to quarrel with each other daily, in the name of God, concerning doctrines which they suppose to be taught in these unknown Scriptures. If a devil by long study

had invented a situation which should stand before the world as a bitter mockery of all religion, his ingenuity could not have devised one more satisfactory for the purpose than this, where the people believe religious truth to be a revelation from God and at the same time pride themselves upon the fact that this revelation is shut up from their understanding in an unknown tongue.

When the Mission of the American Board was established at Constantinople seventy years ago, the stormy political agitations of the first quarter of the century had already partially shown a few men in the Eastern Church, both Armenians and Greeks, the depth of darkness in which they lived, and they had received some sympathetic suggestions from English clergymen. It required only the opening of numerous mission schools, from 1840 to 1850, by men and women apt to teach, to arouse, and in the last twenty years to excite profoundly among all classes of the population that passion for information, which has radically modified the intellectual atmosphere of every sect in the empire, has begun to tear away veils of prejudice, and has resistlessly forced the American Missions in Turkey to abandon expectation of limiting their efforts to one method of evangelistic work. The people have found that there is such a thing as reading, and that it is good. They have discovered that the tree in the centre of the garden

is the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and they are determined to partake of its fruit.

This strange passionate outburst of the desire to learn, leads people who until a few years ago were sunk in densest ignorance, and who still distrust Western religious ideas, to reach out entreating hands toward the West for its hoarded stores of experience and knowledge. Very good, we may say, let the Greek and Armenian writers, let the Mohammedans educated in Europe, rise to the occasion and give these people what they need. It is true that within the last thirty years the beginnings of a literary revival have appeared among all of these peoples. But this movement is yet uncertain and groping in its aim. As yet there are no writers in Turkey who can instruct the people. They do not know what the people need.

On the whole the Greeks of Turkey are better equipped in this respect than any other class of Turkish subjects. They have the rapidly developing writers of Athens to rely upon.

For the Mohammedans there are two centres of book-work in Constantinople besides the one already described in the street of the book-writers' guild. One of these centres of intellectual culture is the long, heavily vaulted street in the bazars next to the shoe-market. The stalls offer the stranger a perennial puzzle as to how their contents can be used. The books lie flat on the shelves in piles. The sole aim of their arrange-

ment seems to be to reverse the customs of the West; for the back of a book is always turned toward the back of the shelves and the book-seller for his convenience has scrawled the title across the surface offered by the exposed edge of the pages.

The confusion of these piles of books recalls the remark of a book-loving old Pasha who once told me that his library was the eighth wonder of the world; for no living man could ever find any book in it. "But then," he added "though you may not find the sugar you came to seek, you will find honey, which is quite as good." When one comes to examine the contents of these shops, one finds little of either sugar or honey. Those heavy stone vaults are the very fortress of the ancient and intolerant Islam. They contain some fine manuscripts of the ancient Persian poets. But their main treasures are the great commentaries and collections of sayings of the prophet, the logic and the philosophy, and the history and the science, which go to make up the library of the Mohammedan theological student, and which form the last lurking ground of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and of the rule of the thumb system of Chronology and of the stilted and unintelligible in literary style. Nothing that shall move the people will ever come out of those book shops of the bazars.

The other centre for Mohammedan literature is in the broad street that leads to the Sublime

Porte, where the works of modern Turkish writers are offered to Turkish readers by enterprising publishers who for the most part are Armenians. The books here are generally issued in the form of thin, little pamphlets, bought by the public at from two to five cents apiece, and frequently forming parts of some extensive work. The show windows are attractive; for Turkish letters lend themselves to decoration. But the contents of the shops are commonly beneath contempt.

Half of the stock in trade is composed of romances of real life, of the class which has made the French novel typical of vulgarity. The remainder of the stock is about equally divided between Mohammedan apologetics and school books written with a view to win government recognition to the author through skill in dragging laudations of the Ottoman State into the most unexpected places in scientific discussion. Moreover the authors are still much hampered by belief that the ancients had all knowledge, though they are dazzled by the brilliance of the French authors who have been the school-masters of their style. They still grope for a legitimate field. Nevertheless a point in Constantinople to be watched with hopeful interest is that group of dusty, tawdry bookshops in the Avenue of the Sublime Porte.

As to the Armenian book-men, much that describes the modern Turkish writers describes

them. They have upon their shelves the solemn writings of the Venetian and Viennese monks which some of those can understand who are rich enough to pay the enormous prices charged. The rest of the books are at best shabby compilations of half truths half understood; of philosophy which makes self-interest the Supreme Good and the arbiter of morals, of science which has found everything except a place for the Creator, and especially of romances whose gilded vice is the sole human interest appreciated by their authors.

We can find no excuse in the condition of native literature in Turkey to urge for any failure on the part of the Mission to seize its opportunity for literary leadership in Turkey. But let it not be supposed that this field has been wholly neglected at Constantinople. The missionaries there have done a vast amount of valuable work in this direction. When the earliest American missionaries were sent into Turkey their first task was the learning of some of the languages of the country. This could only be done by the use of grammars and dictionaries in Latin, French or Italian.

It was while still learning the languages of the country that those first missionaries laid plans for printing books which the common people could understand. The people seemed most to need access to the Bible, and so the missionaries set themselves as soon as possible to

translating the Bible into modern Greek, modern Armenian, and common Turkish. In this they were opposed by the higher clergy who were naturally jealous of such interference with their functions as the sole channel of communication between God and the people. They were also opposed by the common people, who thought that a man willing to translate those sacred words makes light of the inspiration of the Bible. The clergy, who controlled all the schools, would not help to teach the people to read the new translation. So while this work was in progress the missionaries also had to make books to help the people to read and understand the Bible.

The work of printing and publishing is thus separated into two classes. The publishing of the Bible falls within the limited sphere of Bible Societies. It had been begun by the British and Foreign Bible Society in Turkey before American missionaries went there, and has since been carried on generally at the joint expense of the British and American Bible Societies. The work of publishing school books, helps to understand the Bible (without which the work of the Bible Societies in such lands fails of full fruit), tracts, Sunday school lessons, and other religious literature, is the class of work which falls to the Mission Press. This work is carried on by the American Mission in the Bible House at Constantinople by the side of the Bible Societies.

It may be proper to note that while the print-

ing of the Scriptures in Turkey is carried on by the Bible Societies, they have constantly relied on missionaries to do the work of translation. Missionaries have done this important work for the peoples of Turkey, and the use made of the Bible by the people is shown by the fact that it has influenced the whole literary style of writers in Armenian and in Bulgarian.

The story of the Turkish translation of the Bible is worth telling separately. Somewhere about the year 1650 a Turkish official named Ali Bey with the advice of a Dutch gentleman connected with the diplomatic service at Constantinople, translated the New Testament into Turkish. Whether he did this out of mere love for literary work or because he thought it would benefit his people to read the Bible, is not clear. He gave the finished manuscript to his Dutch friend, and the diplomat, not knowing what else to do with it, sent it to the University at Leyden, in hopes that it would be published there. But it was put into the library of the University as a curiosity, which it certainly was, and lay there forgotten and harmless for about one hundred and fifty years. Then a Russian nobleman who had been in Turkey chanced to rummage among the treasures of the Library, and discovered this manuscript. He at once made known his discovery and tried to get it published for circulation in Turkey.

By this time the British and Foreign Bible

Society had been organized. And so it came about that the first Turkish version of the New Testament, published for that Society at Paris in 1819, was the work of a Mohammedan, revised and improved by Russian and French linguists. This cosmopolitan version was imperfect, and was quickly revised. But that first version has always been in the hands of later translators. The Turkish book language has much changed in the last fifty years, through exclusion of needless Arabic and Persian forms of expression. This has compelled several revisions of the Turkish Bible. The present Turkish version, which has taken the place of all previous translations, is the work of a Committee composed of missionaries of the American Board and a missionary of the Church Missionary Society of England, assisted by native Turkish scholars. It is now printed in three editions, one with Arabic, one with Armenian, and one with Greek letters, the actual words of all three being identical. In meeting the expense of this great work Great Britain and the United States have stood side by side.

The American missionaries all over Turkey long acted as the agents of the Bible Societies to induce the people to buy and read the Bible in these different languages of the people. By long and patient effort they have at length succeeded in one of the objects with which they began their work in Turkey. It is fair to claim that they

have at last convinced the people of the Eastern Church, both Greeks and Armenians that as Christians they ought to read and understand the Bible instead of merely worshipping it on the altar, like any other relic of antiquity. This success alone, by the way, is enough to justify Missions in Turkey.

The Bible House, where the preparation of books is done, is a monument to the prophetic vision and the energy of one man. The late Rev. Dr. Isaac G. Bliss, when agent at Constantinople of the American Bible Society, conceived the idea of such a building, was thrilled by foresight of the influence that might emanate from it, and overcame all obstacles to its construction. He raised the necessary funds, single-handed, and literally stood upon the works until the last stone had been placed in position. The building is owned by Trustees chartered by the State of New York, whose duty it is to see that the property fosters use of the Bible in Turkey.

After the modern Turkish dwellings upon the site had been removed, excavations for the foundations of the Bible House brought to light a hall, of the Byzantine period, whose vaulted roof is supported by columns marked with the Greek cross. Hard by, were the massive foundations of a small Christian church whose stamped bricks seem to fix the date of construction at the very beginning of the Sixth Century. With part of its walls resting upon that old church foundation,

the modern Bible House has been erected by men from the West upon ground consecrated by the prayers of the Eastern Church of the period before the schism. Upon this holy ground the Bible Societies and the Mission of the American Board are privileged to carry on their work of publication.

Besides books, the Mission of the American Board publishes a weekly family newspaper and a monthly illustrated paper for children in two or three languages. It sells its works in all parts of the Turkish Empire, in Persia, in Russia, and even to Armenians in America and India. In fact for all the missions in Turkey which use either Turkish or Armenian the press at the Bible House is the sole source of supply of modern Christian literature. The tracts which the Mission has published with money generously granted by the Religious Tract Society of London and by the American Tract Society, are given away to people who show a desire to read them. But the books from the Mission press are never given away. In the last twenty years sales of books and papers have brought into the Mission treasury $116,000 which has been used again for new publications.

The average American, dwelling in the midst of a stream of books, magazines and newspapers, which threatens to overwhelm him, can hardly realize a state of being which includes neither book, nor magazine, nor public library. Yet it is

THE BIBLE HOUSE

this condition of affairs with which we have to reckon in considering the influence of a Mission press at Constantinople. Its issues go where no missionary can go, and touch hearts and enlighten minds by their silent appeal in the privacy of the home. What the missionary might seek in vain to accomplish in person, they do. The missionary cannot give instruction to the clergy of the Eastern Church. But Bishops and priests in both of the great branches of that Church use the commentaries and Bible Dictionaries and Bible Hand Books published by the American mission. A missionary might seek in vain to preach in Greek or Armenian churches, or to advise the clergy to give their people Gospel sermons. But priests who would not for worlds admit evangelical leanings have often delighted their people by using (without credit) sermons issued by the Mission press, while it is from such issues that laymen in the Eastern Church learn what their priests ought to teach, and clamour for it. When appeal is made, even by a book, to the spiritual nature, response follows.

Proof is abundant of the efficiency of these books in shattering ancient barriers of superstition and prejudice and in permeating the mongrel populations of the Empire with knowledge of the Bible.

One of the achievements of the Mission press at Constantinople is its success in firmly planting

in Turkey the idea of preparing books especially for children. The earliest real primers for little children in Turkey and also in Greece, were prepared by missionaries of the American Board. At first the people looked upon them with suspicion. The books seemed infected with magic, because children not only learned quickly to read them but understood what they read; an unheard of and incomprehensible thing. But after a time, arithmetics, geographies, and grammars published by the Mission were found to save months and years of the time of a child besides interesting pupils by an attractive style and by well made pictures. At last Greeks, Armenians, Turks, and Jews had to open schools, modelled after those of the Americans and using the books written by the Americans or copied from them. Merely copying the books at first, the native publishers have now grasped the idea and issue some quite good school books of their own, illustrated by pictures furnished by the missionaries. The opening of educational privileges to women and children in this way, is a work for humanity whose important consequences will never cease to be felt in Turkey.

Another class of achievements of this press may be shown by this incident: A Greek merchant in the interior wanted to know what is going on in the world. He took a Greek daily paper published in Constantinople but found that its information was ill-chosen and often incorrect,

and its editorial comments were misleading through ignorance. So he thought to try the weekly newspaper published by the American Mission, of which the news columns were in repute among both Mohammedans and Armenians for accuracy. Someone warned the merchant that this paper had pernicious views on religion, and that he would have to avoid looking at its religious articles, if he did not wish to be perverted in spite of himself. But he subscribed to the paper.

For some weeks he read only the two pages devoted to political news, and carefully burned the rest. Then one day he saw an article on the telephone on one of the other pages. After that he did not burn the paper until he had read its notes on current science. He noticed religious articles with a shudder until one day his eyes fell on the sentence "If you are a Christian, be a Christian." That seemed sensible, and he read the whole article, though his conscience objected. To his amazement it contained no attacks on his own Church or his own faith, but was simply an urgent appeal for Christians to know and follow Jesus Christ. From that day the merchant read the whole paper every week. After some time the editor was surprised by a letter from this merchant enclosing money to pay for six copies of the paper to be sent for one year to various friends of his. The final outcome was the conversion of the Greek merchant,

who is now a most earnest Christian worker. One of the most eloquent of the Armenian Protestant preachers in Turkey, ascribes his conversion to the reading of two books published in Armenian by the Mission: "Pilgrim's Progress," and D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation."

Probably the reader, before this, has queried what propriety included this work in a chapter with such a title, if the Mission Press is doing so much at Constantinople. That press has done good work in the past, and a certain number of books exist in stock for future use. But no new books are being printed. The churches at home seem to have half-forgotten the enormous value of literature as a tool for demolishing old barriers. The educational branch of the work in Turkey is borne in mind. Fifty or more men and women specially trained for that branch of effort are cheerfully supported in Turkey. But few seem to remember the need to maintain trained specialists in literature in connection with the Mission. Yet the school, excepting those of the highest grade, where all the instruction is in English, cannot do its work without books in the languages of the country. Indeed it may be questioned whether it is right to awaken the mind by education, if we are to neglect provision of books by which readers can grow.

The conditions of efficient work by the press at Constantinople are fulfilled so far as the state

of the people is concerned, and during the period while native writers are trying to fit themselves to supply the demands of the people, the Mission has the field of letters largely at its command. Surely the powers of darkness overreached themselves in producing a condition which forces the missionary to begin his work with teaching men to read. This one fact unexpectedly gives the missionary priority of occupancy of the field of literature in almost every country which he enters.

There is Providential importance in this fact. God designs the missionary to keep this leadership in literature in his own hands. By diligent use of printing facilities the modern revival of letters throughout Asia will take place under Christian auspices. Yet when we turn to the single publishing establishment of the Missions in Turkey we see none of the fiery activity which its importance demands. In place of applying its tremendous power to the problems of these awakening races, the printing apparatus at Constantinople is crippled for lack of funds! Twenty years ago six missionary specialists using different languages, found full occupation at Constantinople in literary work. Now two veterans only can be afforded for it. Then $26,000 annually was at the disposal of the Publication Committee. Now an allowance of $9,000 only, is available for all the printing done in three languages, and of this one-half comes from the

people of the country in the form of receipts from book sales, while a third of the remainder is a contribution from the Religious Tract Society of London.

Meanwhile not a week passes without inquiry at the Bible House for new books suitable for the family circle. People belonging to both of the great branches of the Eastern Church come, saying that only from the mission press do books issue which interest the children, and can be read by them without harm. "But," they add, "our children have read all the books which you have published." What a situation is this! Where a boy has read, by the time that he is twelve years old, every morally pure book which has been published within his mental range, someone has sinned against God in neglecting the duty of providing for his Christian culture.

There is full opportunity for circulating from Constantinople clean, and stimulating books among the people of the Eastern Church. The better class of these people are ready to clutch at all good books, throbbing with thought, even though published by foreigners belonging to the American Missions. Listen to what some of them say. An evangelical Armenian layman writes: "What are we going to do with the children? They have nothing to read. The whole collection of books now existing suited to children consists of but three or four volumes. The strength of the missionary enterprise rests on

its use of opportunities to shape the thoughts and lives of the children. We must have material to direct their minds."

An Armenian evangelical pastor says: "Once the trouble with our people was that they had no appetite for books. Now they have appetite but no food."

An eminent bishop of the Eastern Church says: "We have men who can write infidel books, but we have none who can write Christian books. That you must do. The Armenian presses of Venice and Vienna publish Roman Catholic literature, but do not help in the struggle against ungodliness. Mohammedans publish attacks on Christianity, and all the native Christians look to the missionaries to answer such attacks for they themselves cannot. Your mission is weak when it is weak in books."

An Armenian Professor in a large College, says: "The Armenians are divided into two classes, the infidels and the undecided. What there is for the undecided to read in order that they may fix their minds, is a mass of infidel writings. That is practically all. It is absolutely necessary to increase the amount of Christian literature in order that the people may understand what true religion is, and in order to give preachers and others the latest material for answering the loose and impudent claims of infidel writers."

The point of this whole discussion of the half-

forgotten uses of the press at Constantinople is that while there is now opportunity, the opportunity will not wait. For schools of every denomination all over the country are pouring out partially educated young people who demand books to read. To these every printed word that comes from Constantinople seems like a drop from the fountain of truth. The very simplicity of their ardous to use their new powers threatens to make the press the instrument of their destruction. The vendors of the pander's literature have already found that there is money in this situation. These rubbish-mongers are already hasting to turn into Oriental languages the rejected remainders of the literary garbage heaps of France.

No argument for action can increase the compulsive force of the facts as to such a catastrophe as a suspension of publication work at the mission press at Constantinople. The missionaries have been largely the agency for extending the knowledge of reading through the country. Before any one had thought of doing it they prepared books that the common people could understand. It is clear that a like opportunity cannot again occur if apathy or lack of foresight permits the apostles of sensuality to wrest preeminence in the field of literature from their hands.

The other department of the half-forgotten agency in Constantinople for elevation of the character of the people is the pulpit. This in-

cludes all efforts by men or women to reach and arouse the dormant sense of need for communion with God, which is characteristic of the whole human race.

When the missionaries of the American Board went to Constantinople in 1831, they had no idea of interfering with the Eastern Church. They hoped to have the aid of the clergy in their efforts to enlighten the people. For a time they had this aid. But when it appeared that people cannot be enlightened without coming out of darkness, the clergy turned their bitterest denunciations against these disturbers of the sleep of ages. A Greek bishop, speaking to an English friend, once said: "We want light, but the light that these people (the American missionaries) bring is a fire to burn us up." He would have the light withdrawn because where there is light there is heat. Something of the same feeling brought persecution upon those Armenians who, in 1840 to 1845, had learned to read the Bible and to prize its searching words.

An intolerant Armenian Patriarch proclaimed a "boycott" upon all Armenians who should refuse to abandon relations with the American missionaries and their heresies. For the excommunication hurled at these people in the early forties was really a boycott. Under the Turkish system the police is required to aid the Patriarch in matters of discipline. The men of evangelical views were forbidden to buy bread or to sell

goods, to marry or be buried, and numbers of them were arrested when their shops had been closed, and were sent as "without visible means of support" into exile in Asia Minor. After some time the British Embassy and the Prussian Legation took up the case of these people and secured from the Porte an edict that Protestants should not be molested on account of their religious faith.

Now a curious thing happened. When an Armenian was persecuted as a "Gospel heretic" and applied to the police for protection, he was asked "What are you?" Naturally he would answer "I am an Armenian." The police official would reply, "If you are an Armenian, you must obey the commands of your bishop. I have orders which concern Protestants only as to protection against the interference of the bishops." The man would then enter into explanations and the persecuted one would declare himself a Protestant, which he had never thought of doing until the Turk suggested it, for the sake of protection in the ordinary civil rights of man. Thus the list of Protestants at the Turkish police headquarters was opened and grew.

By this curious and unexpected requirement of the Turkish method of administering the affairs of Christian subjects of the Sultan, the "Protestant community" in Turkey was formed. It is now a recognized body, with about 100,000 members in all parts of the empire, and a Civil

Head at Constantinople who communicates with the Porte on all matters relating to the civil rights of its members, whether Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Anglicans, or of other denominations. The official name of this body is "Protestant." But its members do not like that name. It has no pertinence and was chosen by the Turkish Government merely because at the time of the persecution the Ambassadors of the Protestant Powers of Europe spoke of the people as Protestants. The people, whether orginally Greek, Armenian or Jew, call themselves "Gospel Christians" and it is better that they should hold to this name, for their attitude toward the Eastern Church is not one of hostility. They did not come out; they were cast out of its fold.

There are about 1200 of these native Protestants in Constantinople. Three churches have been organized among them, which manage their own ecclesiastical affairs independently of foreign control. The influence of these "Gospel Christians" must be reckoned upon in any summing up of forces that tend for the substitution of the service of God for the service of self in this place. Besides the native "Gospel Churches" in Constantinople there are congregations of English speaking Protestants connected with the chapel of the British Embassy and the Crimean memorial church in Pera, with the Union Evangelical Church which worships at the chapel of

the Dutch Legation in Pera, with an Anglican church at Kadikeuy, the ancient Chalcedon, and with a little Union Church of English and Americans at Bebek on the Bosphorus. There is also a German Protestant congregation at Bebek, and a more important one under the charge of the Chaplain of the German Embassy in Pera. All of these efforts to secure the spiritual culture of foreign residents of Constantinople are to be regarded as one in purpose and interest with missions among the natives, because people who do not know Christ learn of Him more influentially through the lives and conduct of his followers than through the most eloquent of sermons. It is entirely possible that an English or Swiss or German merchant, who is of incorruptible character, and who lives in Constantinople without thought of what is beyond the Bosphorus may exert a Christianizing influence in Bagdad through the return to that place of natives who have admired the Christian life of such business men.

Among these forces for the reform of life and character will be reckoned, too, every one of the foreign missionary establishments in Constantinople alluded to in the last chapter. As a type of the influence which such establishments may wield the work of the mission of the American Board may be described, since it is one of the oldest and largest of these institutions in the city.

After seeing the Colleges and the Bible House,

the traveller sometimes leaves Constantinople with the idea that he has looked into all the enterprises of the American missionaries there, and that they do educational work alone. As a remedy for this idea the visitor has to be taken to see sights on Sunday. A missionary calls at the hotel at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and takes the stranger to a chapel about two blocks away. There for the first time in his life the visitor hears "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," sung in Armenian to the tune of Old Hundred, and then listens to a prayer in Armenian offered by the preacher. He is hurried away from this chapel, however, and taken to another two blocks farther along. Here another native congregation is assembled, and another pastor is in the midst of a service in the Greek language. There the visitor hears for the first time, perhaps, the Greek Testament read with its natural pronunciation. Thence again he is hurried a mile and a half to the Bible House, where in a neat chapel another Greek preacher is just finishing a very eloquent sermon. The benediction is pronounced and the congregation disperses.

The visitor wishes to go, too, when he discovers that an entirely different set of people are beginning to come into the chapel. Before he knows what is happening a new congregation has filled the place. It is composed of all classes of people, from the professional man and the mer-

chant to the day-labourer and the donkey driver, and from the lady in silk to the tired handkerchief painter in her faded cotton dress. Then he hears for the first time a sermon in Turkish, to which the people pay profound attention, and which a Turkish officer or two also come in to hear. By their tunes he recognizes the hymns in Turkish, sung by every man, woman and child, roaring at full lung power. He further understands without the services of an interpreter, the collection, and drops a gold piece on the plate, to the vast amazement of the coppers and five-cent pieces into the midst of which it falls.

By the time that this service is finished the visitor is tired and wants to go back to the hotel for dinner. But the missionary says firmly but gently, "You have come out to see the missionary work in the city and you ought to finish seeing it." So they go on another half mile into the very heart of the old part of the city, and come to a shabby old shed which they enter, and see empty seats for some two hundred people, with a few of the congregation of Armenians which has just been dismissed, lingering to finish their chat before they go home. Near by, they enter a great stone house, which the visitor is told is the Gedik Pasha Mission House of the Woman's Board of Missions. Some American ladies receive them cordially and give them a lunch at railroad speed, because Sunday School begins at half-past twelve.

After lunch the whole of the Mission House is

a bee-hive for a couple of hours. There is no room in it large enough to seat all the people at once, so that for the preliminary exercises all sit as they can in adjoining rooms with doors wide open. The visitor is taken through the house to see the various classes; the old men and the young men, the old women and the young women, and the boys graded by themselves and the girls by themselves, and the infant classes with their pictures and their frequent hymns. He is shown, also, the further subdivisions made necessary by the fact that some of the people who come know Greek only, and some, Armenian only, and some, Turkish only. And he is caused to note that the work is not done by the missionary ladies alone, but that natives have come forward to do the work of the teacher.

Right there is an illustration of the manner in which the missionary work does its most effective and permanent good service. It is in multiplying workers, so that by the grace of God the single labourers become a hundred or a thousand because the Gospel cannot be hid nor can it abide alone when it has fallen into the sincere heart. He sees also an illustration of the capabilities of this city as a place in which to do the work of the missionary. Not half of the people in the Sabbath School at the Mission House are permanent residents of Constantinople. The other half are from distant portions of the country to which they will take what is taught them here in this

Mission House, to brood over the lesson until it causes at least some improvement in life. As these facts are pointed out to the visitor, he can not but feel enthusiasm when the reckoning of attendance is given him, and he finds that about three hundred people will attend the Bible lessons at the Mission House almost any Sunday.

Perhaps the stranger is more than satisfied with his morning's work. But he is not allowed to stop his travels about the great city. He is made to go back to the Bible House again that he may see there at three o'clock a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association managed by a clear-headed young Armenian. From there again he is taken across the city to a district near the old harbour of the Wheat Merchants on the Sea of Marmora, where he finds another congregation of Greeks, coming down stairs from an upper room which serves as a chapel at Koumkapou, and where he sits a while to hear the missionary preach in Turkish to another congregation which collects as the Greeks disperse.

"Well, you have had quite a day's work," says the missionary, as they turn at length toward the hotel once more. "It has been rather a busy day," says the visitor, ruefully, for he feels that he has had a surfeit of missions, and has walked almost twenty miles besides. He is glad enough that the time is short when the missionary goes on to apologize because time does not allow him to be taken to other congregations in the city

connected with the Mission. One of them is in Hasskeuy on the Golden Horn, another is in Scutari, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, and not far from that great hospital where Florence Nightingale did her work as a nurse during the Crimean war. Besides these there are also an English service for the students of the Girls' College in Scutari, another English service for the students of Robert College on the Bosphorus, a congregation of some forty Armenians at the house of Dr. Washburn for whom Mrs. Washburn always sees that a preacher is provided, and another little congregation of as many more Armenians and Greeks together at one of the districts farther up the Bosphorus.

The visitor is quite willing to admit that the work of the American Board's mission in Constantinople is not solely educational work. He does not need to be dragged about to see all these other congregations. And in the evening as he thinks it over at his hotel, tired as he is with gadding, he is glad that there are men and women who are not too tired with the labours of the week to use their day of rest in trying to aid the spiritual development of this medley of peoples. For at this meeting point of the continents this kind of work, if properly maintained must end in teaching men and women over large expanses of territory to know Jesus Christ, must attract them to follow Him, and must inspire them to do the same kind of work for their

fellows in all the places where they live or to which they go for business or pleasure. The work of the mission is the slow work of influencing the roots of character. But let the friends of Jesus Christ in the western lands support this work as it should be supported, and we shall begin to see that the awakening of the Eastern Church from its long lethargy has begun.

The missionary does not merely preach to the people. He seeks to win a place in their hearts by all means in his power.

Among the motley crowds in the streets of Constantinople are seen great numbers of coarsely dressed villagers, in blue cotton clothing with a bright handkerchief perhaps around the head and a gaily coloured shawl wound about the waist to keep together the loose and unfitted clothing. Some of these are Kourds, who are the burden bearers, and the ditch-diggers of the city, and some are Armenians, who are the masons and carpenters, and the hod-carriers of every enterprise in building houses. All such have come from their homes at the ends of the Empire, often plodding on foot for two or three weeks to reach a sea-port, and then crowding the decks of the steamers with their bedding and their food bags because they are unable to pay the cost of even a steerage ticket. In the city they live in masses together, six or eight men hiring a room and making it their home during four or five years while they are earning enough

money to make it worth while for them to return again to visit their families.

As another branch of the missionary work in this city, skilled Christian workers (when there is money to support them) are always going about among the journeymen labourers to learn where they are from, to help them keep in touch with their distant homes, to show them how to send money safely to their families, and as opportunity offers, to give them Bible instruction, or to gather them together in the evening for religious services. The work among these rough villagers is of considerable importance; many times such workmen, converted in Constantinople have returned to their homes in obscure hamlets, there to give to others the light which has come into their lives. Then by and by when a missionary happens to visit that village, he is astounded to find a group of a score or so of people studying the Bible, and trying to follow its principles, to the dismay and perplexity of their priest, who has never before met the phenomenon of any one wishing to know the Bible, and is not quite sure what he ought to do about it. So when a preacher has been set to teach the masons and carpenters and ditchers of Constantinople a train has been laid which may explode barriers of ignorance and superstition in scores of towns and villages in the interior of the Empire.

The simple sale of the Bible in the streets of the city is another work which tells in the same

direction. Cities have their peculiarities of sound and of odour. The peculiarity of Constantinople is that its din is the din of human voices far more than in any Western city, for people shout the attractions of their wares as they go about to sell them, while certain main streets, only, have carriages to rattle over pavements. The shoemaker shouts on the streets his "Felt slippers for a quarter." The market-gardener carries his stock about in a big basket on his back, and uses the full power of his lungs to let people know the beauty of his tomatoes or radishes or lettuce or green peppers. Confectioner and popcorn man, and second-hand clothes dealer, and baker, all travel about the streets declaiming the virtues of their particular wares, and even the auctioneer moves rapidly by, holding up the article which he wishes to sell, and bawling out the sum already bid, that he may find a better offer. Out of the midst of the turmoil of voices which is characteristic of Constantinople one hears now and then the cry of "Cheap Books; the Holy Book" uttered by a man who has a leather bag on his back and his samples in his hand. He is one of the colporteurs of the Bible Society. After a long chaffering, such as is inseparable in the East from a sale of any kind, a man buys a Bible or a Testament, or even a single Gospel. The colporteur makes it a point to see that man every two or three days thereafter, for he knows that the purchaser will be reading the book in his

shop to pass the time, and will have many questions to ask. Such humble workers are an effective instrumentality for scattering ideas among people who are not wont to have ideas, and the ideas which they scatter are of Christian Truth. The echoes of their work also are often heard in distant parts of the Empire, for nothing is done in a corner in Constantinople which is not proclaimed on the housetops elsewhere.

Women now form a majority of the American Board's missionary force at Constantinople. Nor does their weight of influence rest upon their numbers alone. They are the ones in most intimate relations with the people of the great untaught mass. In the Greek and Armenian houses of the poorer classes, the women, with worn faces and dishevelled hair, will be toiling over embroideries, or painting coloured designs upon handkerchiefs, surrounded by noisy and unwashed children, and engaged in gossip or in altercation with the opposite neighbour or with the husband if he happens to be out of work. To such houses comes the missionary woman. She always uses the aid of the Greek or Armenian woman whom she has trained as a visitor of the sick or as a Bible reader. Whole districts are moved in some degree by the power of that one kindly voice. I have seen her influence in leading the tired mother to look to Him who gives rest to the weary and heavy laden, or in putting into the father's mind some new idea of what he can

do to make his house a refuge, or in softening the heart of a great hulking boy who has thoughtlessly added to the burdens of the weary mother. I have seen those women lifting with their own hands, as it were, the people to better ideas of what life really is. Sometimes it is by simply opening the Bible and showing how it is a guide for every day use. Sometimes it is by practical illustration of strength through a life of prayer. Sometimes by a word of tonic power to a discouraged working man, sometimes by medicine or cheery comfort for the sick, sometimes by the application of a quick wit to the perplexities and anxieties of the family, and sometimes by the actual relief given to the hungry. Everywhere the influence of these missionary women is helpful and uplifting for the women and their families.

They organize and superintend and teach common schools and kindergartens. Whether in this common school work in old Stamboul, or in the College for Girls at Scutari the missionary women strongly draw their scholars to admire and to seek likeness to the great model and ideal of Christian character. A girl once taught in one of these schools is always the devoted friend of her teachers, and this fact, alone, ensures to her something at least of steady growth; for she will be borne in mind and will receive kindly words and helpful suggestion, by letter if she has re-

moved to a distant place, up to the very end of her life.

Methods devised by the missionary women attract in the Sunday school. They inspire the native men and women who help as teachers so that none shall go away from the Bible lesson without some new seed-thought fixed in their minds to grow and bear fruit in other scenes. One illustration of the pervading quality of their influence was furnished by their work at Constantinople after the massacre of 1896. Two thousand families were found to be destitute, having been bereaved, and also stripped of their household goods. Money to keep alive these sufferers quickly came from England and America, and the missionary ladies were at once in the midst of them. They sought out the needy; they investigated and reported upon their real wants; and they did hard work in distributing clothing, food, and especially materials for work whereby broken families might support themselves.

The attempt to encourage a despairing people to believe it worth while again to work for a living, to inspire them with energy to persist in the face of cold, dogged hostility that thought to thwart their efforts to find work, and finally to send to the ends of the earth in order to find market for the wares which the discouraged people began to produce, formed a steady drain

upon the sympathy and patience and ingenuity of all who engaged in the work. But through these and similar efforts a great deliverance from demoralization and even death was made effective to a bewildered and ruined people.

In this summary of general missionary effort at Constantinople we may see how varied in form and how beneficent and persuasive in effect it may be if it is impelled, not by sectarian narrowness, but by the broad purpose of seeking to let the people see the loveliness of Jesus Christ and their own need of Him. It needs no seer's vision to discover that work like this, supported by that of an uncontroversial but thoroughly Christian press, has quite as much of influence on the life of the masses as the Christian College. It may give direction to the thoughts and tastes and aims of individuals through the whole immense region which looks to Constantinople for guidance in questions of thought and of taste. Shape the thoughts and the aims of individuals and you have done much to fix the destiny of the masses of which they are a part.

Every improvement of general conditions of national life has begun with an enthusiast and a conviction. The one man who grasped a truth has made the fire of his devotion a means to lead his comrades to see and adopt it. The missionary lost in the multitudes that fill the streets of Constantinople may be regarded as such an enthusiast. But he is no longer a lone voice cry-

ing in a wilderness. The idea of abandoning for Christ's sake all self-seeking has found lodgment in many hearts. Many there are who are painfully striving to change the centre of gravity of their lives from self to the self-sacrificing Jesus of Nazareth. These people will long need to be led on in Christian growth by the missionary, for heredity is not to be overcome save by slow and steady culture. But where the idea of devotion once becomes self-propagating through its adoption by others equally filled with its grandeur, a force as certain in its action as gravitation has become auxilliary to the missionary and will work after he is dead. If therefore the missionary work at this centre is not forgotten, but is kept up in full efficiency, we may be sure that the Gospel of Jesus Christ will again go thrilling through these lands whence, by the operation of the same rule, it once issued for its regenerating influence upon our western nations.

Professor Henry Drummond once said of projects for the evangelization of the great empires of the far East: "It is not to be done by casual sharp-shooters bringing down their men here and there, but by a carefully thought out attack upon central points—a patient siege, planned with all a military tactician's knowledge." The doctrine is not new. The earliest missionaries won the world by using the strategic value of cities of commanding influence. They began at Jerusalem, and they threw themselves into

Antioch and Ephesus and Corinth and Athens and Rome.

The view which has been attempted of Constantinople and its problems has been incomplete if it has not shown that this principle applies to this city also. The dominating quality of this city must be recognized and missionary operations there must be carried on with that careful foresight which alone commands results. There are 132 "Gospel churches" in Turkey. There are missionaries with their schools and preaching places in almost every province in the empire. The influence of these is great and hopeful. Yet they are but skirmishers and sharp-shooters in their relation to the enterprise at Constantinople. For do what they may their influence is continually being combatted by the reports of those who have been to Constantinople and have seen that in the great city there is no pressing demand for men to live for Christ. So few are the messengers of the Gospel that many neither see them nor hear of them during a long sojourn in the capital. What they do hear and see is that the West believes in making money and drinking and carousing, and why should there be any care for the appeals of missionaries who dwell in country villages, far from the centre of power?

Perhaps the home churches have half-forgotten the tremendous value of Christian influences in this city. One strong, fully equipped missionary there, may have an influence for Christ more

wide-spread than that of five men of equal power whose voices never pass beyond the country town in which they live or at most the limits of the province in which they tour. For lack of funds the number of native evangelists connected with the mission of the American Board at Constantinople has steadily diminished. The number of missionaries is also gradually diminishing, and as their number diminishes their age increases. There is now no ordained missionary of the American Board in Constantinople who is less than sixty years of age, and one only of these is devoted to the work which we would class with City Missions. Fancy the hopefulness of a man's task who, at the age of well nigh threescore years and ten, should be given the work of overseeing and planning and furnishing much of the instruction of workers for the whole population of Manhattan Island besides preaching twice every Sunday!

This city mission work and press work at Constantinople is not one to be neglected, nor to be abandoned after our fathers have planted the seed in prayer and watered it with the sweat of their care-worn brows, nor to be allowed to languish in the hope that the people of the soil will miraculously spring into power and save the Western Church the pain of long nurture of its Asiatic children. The city must be occupied in full force as a missionary centre with hearty cooperation between all denominations of Chris-

tians there living out their conception of the Master's life of love.

When the traveller visits the mosque of St. Sophia the turbaned guide will lead him to a certain point in one of the galleries, and will silently point to the centre of the half dome of the apse. As the eye becomes accustomed to the details of the modern arabesque painted on a ground of gold, the visitor will discover underneath the arabesque of the Muslims, and forming a richer and more brilliant portion of the shining groundwork, the outlines of a figure of heroic size, with flowing robes, with arms outstretched, and with a halo crowning the head. The figure is a mosaic worked into the substance of the wall as a leading feature in the ancient decoration of the church. The Mohammedan conquerors instead of destroying the figure merely hid it from the eyes of their own people by overlaying it with gold. But it is not hidden from eyes that know how to trace the slightly different tint of its gracious outlines.

That figure which could not be hid by the gold leaf which veils it, is the figure of Jesus Christ. For a thousand years it has stood with outstretched arms as if giving a benediction to every congregation which has worshipped God according to its lights in the ancient temple. And when the Mohammedan guide silently points the Christian visitor to this figure, all unknowingly he points to a fact too often forgotten. From the

first the Lord Jesus Christ has had an interest of good will in the welfare of all the people of this city. He still waits for His Church to establish His invisible kingdom in this centre of commanding influence. No weariness, nor impatience, nor actual pain of sacrifice can justify us in permitting work which He waits to have performed languish in this place to which all nations of Western Asia come to be taught. Let the Church press on this work, adopting for its motto and rule, the words of Constantine the Great, when he believed that he was laying the foundations of the capital of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ: "We will not stop until he stops who goes before us."

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